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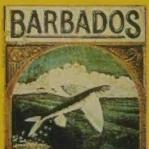
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COVER: Blues and Royals passing Buckingham Palace, by Roy Hammond. The artist's work can be seen at the Chris Beetles Gallery, 10 Ryder Street, London.

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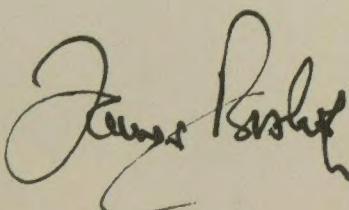
EDITOR'S LETTER

It was the persistent demand of a sizeable number of readers for more royal news and greater coverage of royal events than we can generally accommodate that led to the creation of an additional Royal Issue in 1986, and the fact that it sells more copies than our normal issues suggests that the demand is still there. This year's has been the most difficult to produce, mainly because members of the royal family have been constantly in the news for the unhappiest of reasons. We cannot ignore the facts of the Princess Royal's divorce, or the Duke of York's separation, or the endlessly reported state of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and these are covered in Alan Hamilton's review on pages 20-33.

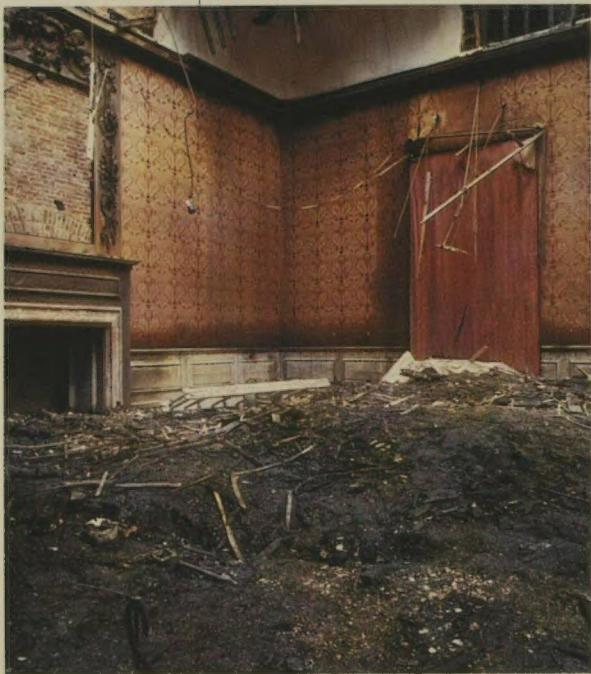
At the same time we need to put these personal problems into the perspective of our monarchical system. In spite of scare stories the United Kingdom stands where it did. The role of the Queen as sovereign has not been affected by the troubles within her family. Enoch Powell addresses these issues in his article on "The Paradox of Monarchy" (pages 34-36). The paradox he writes about is the fact that it is, and has been for more than a thousand years, the monarchy that has enabled this country to practise democracy so surely and so effectively. The British state is a state personified, and monarchs have come in all shapes complete with idiosyncrasies and foibles that have always been the subject of popular interest, but these do not affect the operation and constitutional relationship of monarch and Parliament.

Those who question the value of the monarch, and members of the monarch's family acting on her behalf, might care to look at the table of royal duties performed during the last year (pages 56-57). This shows that, as in most recent years, the Princess Royal tops the table, having carried out a total of 736 royal engagements, followed by the Duke of Edinburgh with 644 and the Queen with 594. If this is a reasonable average then we can calculate that the Queen must have carried out more than 23,500 official engagements during her reign of 40 years. We shall have much to celebrate when the commemorative junkettings are held later this year.

At home there seems at present little else to cheer about. The Government in July launched a tight squeeze on public spending, with the result that several commitments in the Conservative Party's manifesto will have to be postponed, perhaps for some years. All the main spending departments are likely to be involved, because the Government simply has to hold down public spending, and reduce its share of the national income. This year's budget forecast of the public sector borrowing requirement was £28,000 million, and that figure will probably be exceeded. The recession is the prime culprit, and the latest figures – showing that manufacturing output fell in the second quarter of the year, and is forecast by the Confederation of British Industry to fall still further – offer no reasonable hope of an early improvement. The irony is that while the public sector is strapped for cash, the private sector is, if not awash with it, at least reasonably well off. But the money is being saved, and it is unlikely that we shall be persuaded to spend it until the Government's policies are more visibly seen to be working.



NELSON'S COLUMN HAMPTON COURT'S PHOENIX



HISTORIC ROYAL PALACES

Above, devastation of the King's Apartments in the south wing following the fire and, below, with restoration at last completed. Opposite, the painted ceiling in the King's Bedchamber was rescued.

Hampton Court is itself again, and in some ways rather better than it was before the disastrous fire of Easter Monday, 1986, wrecked the south wing of Fountain Court. Now the building has been restored and the King's Apartments returned not to their immediate pre-fire state but to the way they were in 1700, when King William III lived there to escape the fetid London air and gain some relief from the asthma that troubled him.

Ironically it was the fire which prompted the research that has made this refurbishment possible, for in the course of meticulous reconstruction more detail came to light of the original furnishings of the rooms and about their uses in the court of King William. Although Hampton Court still displays its Tudor origins—it has been a royal palace since 1525, when Cardinal Wolsey gave it to King Henry VIII in the vain hope of restoring himself to royal favour—the later Baroque buildings designed by Christopher Wren, with interior carvings by Grinling Gibbons, paintings by Antonio Verrio and ironwork by Jean Tijou, are among its greatest glories.

The fire gutted the top floor of the south wing of Fountain Court and severely damaged the King's Apartments underneath, piling up debris in which were buried lumps of wood panelling, bits of moulded architrave and tiny slivers of Gibbons's carvings. All these were carefully sorted and either used again or studied as models for reconstruction. Most dramatic of all was the recovery of the huge 17th-century chandelier from the King's Audience Chamber, which lay shattered among the debris. A team from the English Heritage Central Excavation Unit painstakingly sifted through the rubble, as at an archaeological dig, eventually recovering all the crystals, pieces of crystal and beads. Sent to Delmosne and Son, in Kensington,

for repair, the chandelier is now back in place in the Audience Chamber.

The removal of fire- and water-damaged panelling and floor-boards revealed much new information about Wren's working methods, as well as 17th-century graffiti and handprints left in the plaster either by workmen or early visitors to the site, or possibly even by Wren himself. One revelation was the thousands of sea shells packed between the joists. The architect who master-minded the current restoration, Michael Fishlock, has identified six varieties of estuary cockles, and suggests that they were used by Wren to insulate the sound of courtiers' footsteps from the king's rooms below. Fishlock describes, in his new book, *The Great Fire at Hampton Court* (The Herbert Press, £10.95), how he set up a project with the *Blue Peter* television programme to get children to collect shells during their summer holidays, but the plan was abandoned when it was realised that they were likely to receive far more shells than they would know what to do with.

The restoration of the King's Apartments cost £13 million. For the visitor the excitement comes not just from seeing a massively damaged historic building sensitively restored but from the new dimension that has been added to this part of Hampton Court. Visitors pass from rooms that were generally accessible to members of the court to those used only by the king and his immediate entourage. The early rooms are sparsely furnished (no one sat down in the king's presence), but are hung with fine 16th-century tapestries and the two restored throne canopies, both of which were badly damaged.

In the King's Bedchamber the Verrio painted ceiling has been cleaned up, the damage fortunately being limited to flaking paintwork, though it was feared at one time that the ceiling would collapse under the weight of water. Beyond lie the King's Little Bedchamber, where he actually slept, and his Closet, which contains his writing-desk and other working tools. From this room there runs a back staircase down which he could escape to three smaller rooms used for private entertaining. These are now open to the public for the first time.

An exhibition about the fire and the restoration is on view, and visitors will find it helpful to see this before touring the apartments. The palace is open daily from 9.30am (10.15am Mondays) until 6.30pm, adult admission £5.90, students & OAPs £4.50, children £3.90.



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NELSON'S COLUMN SISLEY'S VISION



Sisley's Hampton Court Bridge: the Castle Inn, one of six canvases painted in July, 1874 during a visit to England

Alfred Sisley painted in the shadow of men like Monet, Manet and Renoir, and as a result his significance in the Impressionist movement has too often been ignored. It is the ambition of the present exhibition at the Royal Academy to take Sisley out of the margins of art history and assess his true significance both as an Impressionist and as an important landscape painter. This assembly of some 70 paintings, revealing the full range of Sisley's work over more than 30 years, achieves both these aims.

Most of his landscapes were painted in the towns and villages along the river Seine, where he lived for much of his life. The earliest, which date from the 1860s, clearly show the influence of Corot, Constable and others of the previous generation of landscape artists. But by the late 1860s and the early 1870s Sisley had joined his fellow Impressionists in challenging the accepted style, seeking to capture immediacy and the fluctuating movement of light with broken brush strokes and other unorthodox techniques. He visited England at this time, and several of his paintings along the Thames at Hampton Court are shown to good effect in this exhibition.

Though born in Paris and married to a Frenchwoman, Sisley was in fact an Englishman, and some have argued that this was one of the reasons why he was never given his due as one of the founders of Impressionism. He tried to acquire French nationality late in his

life, but clearly did not fit comfortably into either the French or English artistic camps.

In his early days there was uncertainty also about his commitment. Originally he was destined for commerce, and came to England to be trained for a career in the import business, which he worked at for four years. But visits to the National Gallery appear to have persuaded him to change his mind. He returned to Paris to join the studio of Charles Gleyre and was protected by his family's wealth against the normal privations of a young artist's life until his father's sudden death in 1870. After this Sisley was obliged to earn his living by his art, and was hard up for the rest of his life.

Because he was dismissed by some of his contemporaries as no more than a pretty colourist, his work was not highly regarded nor did it increase in value until after his death. He remained an avowed Impressionist while others were radically questioning and reconsidering their art, and that, as Christopher Lloyd notes in the RA's fine catalogue to the exhibition, is what makes Sisley significant. Pissarro once described him as "a master equal to the greatest", and when asked by Matisse who could be said to be a typical Impressionist gave as his answer the one name, Sisley.

The exhibition, which is sponsored by Elf, runs in the Sackler Galleries until October 18. It will then be shown in Paris and finally in Baltimore.

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Mother's ruin and Dutch courage are familiar aliases for gin, and to most people who drink it, gin is gin is gin. This is a misconception that the 170-year-old firm of James Burrough whose Beefeater Gin is now the only premium distilled "London" dry gin made in London—is keen to correct.

The flavour of a really good gin depends on its ingredients, the nature of the process, the time allowed

for it and the individual skills of the gin-makers. For Beefeater—now made in Kennington—the company still uses its founder's original recipe. In addition to juniper berries, generally bought from Germany, Italy and the region that used to be Yugoslavia, this includes "botanicals": coriander from the former Soviet Union, angelica from Flanders, the peel of Seville oranges from Spain, almonds, orris-root and other, secret ingredients known to only six people, the directors and key staff of the company.

Distillery manager Brian Martin explains that there is more than one way of making gin. Cheap, own-brand gins sold in some supermarkets may, for instance, be the result of a process called cold-compounding, in which flavourings (sometimes in the form of essences) are added to the prime spirit without the benefit of further distilling.

Beefeater's prime spirit—the basic raw material in gin-making—comes from the group's Strathclyde distillery, in Glasgow. By some mysterious quirk of British law, it must always be distilled somewhere other than the

end product. At Kennington the botanicals are added to the rectified (slightly diluted) spirit and allowed to steep overnight. The next day the huge copper stills are gently heated until distillation begins, which continues for one day. Then several batches are blended to ensure consistency.

Alongside the majestic beauty of the stills, other parts of the Kennington distillery seem antiseptic and industrial. A glass-walled cabin full of dials and meters is concerned exclusively with quantity and not quality control. "Gin-making isn't as industrial a process as all this might suggest," says Martin. "Quality control is still broadly a matter of nose and taste."

These are the yardsticks used by Martin, his assistant and directors of the firm when they foregather to assess and (normally) pass the final product. A careful, unhasty inhaling, a tentative sip, an exploratory swilling round the palate, unhurried appraisal, then a nod of approval—another distillation has passed the test, part of Burrough's annual output of almost 10 million litres.

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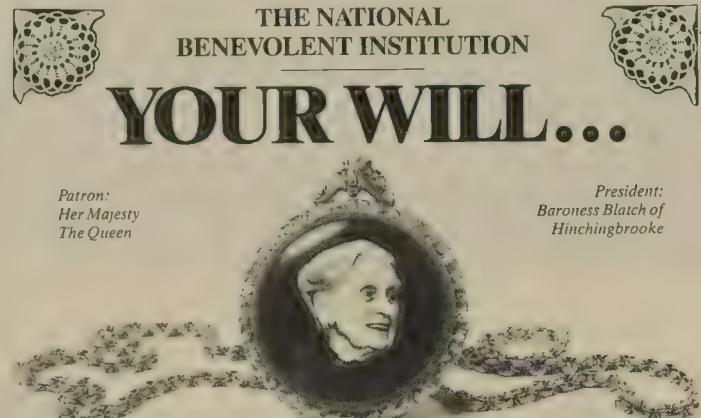
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HOW LONG CAN THE SHOW GO ON?

It is not every day that the vociferous arts lobby of north-west London champions the cause of a commercial cinema that screens blockbusters such as *The Lawnmower Man* and *Batman Returns*. Faced with the proposed demolition of the Parkway Cinema in Camden Town, Dame Judi Dench, Dr Jonathan Miller and Elizabeth Jane Howard are among the luminaries who have been supporting the campaign mounted by the Friends of Parkway Cinema.

They want to save a cinema in which the atmosphere and splendour of the 1930s has been recreated. Peter Walker, an entrepreneur and former professional medium, took over the Art Deco picture palace in 1983, intending to run it as a snooker hall. Instead, he fell in love with the large foyer and spacious auditorium which lie behind an unremarkable façade in a street of drab 19th-century houses and shabby shops. At a time when the film industry was in the doldrums Walker decided that he would put "showbiz back into cinema".

The Parkway belongs to the golden age of movies. Built in an era when epic, romantic and swashbuckling films matched the majestic opulence of the picture houses, it was opened as the Gaumont Palace, Regent's Park, by the comedian Will Hay in January, 1937. The narrow, neon-lit frontage on a busy street is deceptive: the interior is large, elegant and comfortable. The architect was W. E. Trent, whose finest "super" cinema, the massive New Victoria, survives today as the Apollo Victoria Theatre, opposite Victoria Station. Trent was an early disciple of the modern movement and his affinity with Erich Mendelsohn and German cinema architects is evident in the grand staircase, the chromium-plated doors, massive foyer pillars and tiered auditorium of the Parkway.

The clean-cut lines of Trent's Functionalist style for Gaumont cinemas were not far removed from the "individual and striking buildings of architectural beauty" which the architect Harry Weedon designed for Oscar Deutsch, the founder of the Odeon circuit. Weedon, however, was not always given a free hand inside: Mrs Deutsch was often to be found gauging local social conditions, and she planned the interiors accordingly, specifying gold colours "in impeccable taste"—for Hampstead and Haverstock Hill and deciding on half-timbering for the "old and historic" town of Faversham.

Trent's interiors were rather more

restrained. Germanic in feeling, they had such fashionable features as shell-shaped light fittings and swirling lines of decorative plasterwork which never achieved the riotous exuberance of some of Sidney Bernstein's Granada chain. Bernstein employed the noted Russian set designer Theodore Komisarjevsky. In his desire to create "the flavour of romance for which people crave", Komisarjevsky evoked the Moorish theme of the Alhambra Palace, installed Gothic arches, or conjured impressions of Italian Renaissance churches with baroque gilded fibrous plaster.

The size and extravagance of British cinemas were poor-man's imitations of New York's fabulous 6,000-seat Roxy—"the Cathedral of Motion Pictures"—and, like their ostentatious American counterpart, they did not last. The cheap plaster decayed, the mighty Wurlitzers disappeared, television arrived and audiences declined. More than three-quarters of Britain's 5,000 pre-war cinemas have been demolished, turned into bingo halls or converted to multiplexes.

When Walker arrived at the Parkway much of Trent's work had been altered. A new proscenium put in by the Rank Organisation in the early 60s had destroyed the plasterwork, and further damage was incurred in 1968 when the interior was divided horizontally: the circle remained a cinema, the stalls became a bingo hall. Walker restored the 950-seat auditorium, put in chandeliers and widely-spaced red velour seats with plenty of leg room. He smartened the impressive foyer bar, put sofas along the wall and deep red button-back banquets around the sturdy pillars. The former café was transformed into an ornate blue-and-gold 90-seat cinema.

But more than anything else the management style delights devoted audiences. Walker is often in the entrance hall in evening dress to greet patrons, usherettes wear military-style red uniforms, the bar staff are neat in black and white, a trio plays live music in the foyer and, at the end of the last show, the staff line up to say "good night". The projectors and sound equipment rival the biggest West End cinemas, prices are half those charged in central London and the latest blockbusters open to coincide with the Leicester Square showing. Walker's endeavours won him a special British Film Institute award for "Services to the Cinema".

From the outset Walker has known that the site is scheduled for demolition, and his lease—at a nominal



RICHARD WAITE

rent—from Bernard Sunley & Sons plc, a division of Lonrho, has always had a provision in it entitling the company to terminate it on one month's notice. In June he was given four weeks notice to quit. Local people are appalled. They do not want this friendly cinema to be replaced by a seven-storey shopping precinct with offices and a box-like "replacement screen facility". Seven thousand signatures protesting against the closure and demolition were collected in four weeks. Arts and media personalities have spoken out. Joan Bakewell has compared the Parkway to the great cinemas of her youth: "Peter Walker manages to capture some of that atmosphere without any affectation or pastiche," she said. *The Guardian* printed an open letter from film makers Michael Palin and Terry Gilliam asking the Secretary of State for the Environment to intervene.

Meanwhile, Sunley's application for planning permission has been turned down, and an appeal lodged. The notice to quit was not enforced. For the time being the show goes on, and hope for the survival of Camden Town's Art Deco cinema rests with the Department of the Environment hearing on September 8. The final credits on the epic of the Parkway Cinema have yet to roll.

DENISE SILVESTER-CARR

Grand staircase of The Parkway Cinema, in Camden Town. This opulent example of 1930s style is facing demolition.



WINDOW ON THE WORLD

PERU HITS TROUBLED TIMES

President Alberto Fujimori, who seized dictatorial powers in Peru four months ago with the support of the army, has failed to start to make much positive impact on his country's deep-rooted problems. As a result, his popularity, which was high immediately after he came to power (when he called a *self-coup*), has fallen, and with it his ability to implement the promised reforms of the legislature, executive and the judiciary, and to curb the terrorist activities of the Shining Path

guerrillas, known locally as the *Sendero Luminoso*. The terrorists have recently moved their operations from the remoter mountain areas and shanty towns to the streets of Lima, where car bombs have exploded in shopping areas, schools, petrol stations and other public places.

President Fujimori at present retains the support of the military, but if he fails to fulfil his emergency programme this may begin to wane along with his popularity. Fujimori won the presidential election in 1990, but his short-term popularity has suffered as a result of his military's recently dissolved Congress, suspended civil liberties, instituted government by decree and imposed a curfew, was opposed by Congress, which elected vice-president Maximo San Roman as its own rival president. Fujimori's acts also aroused international

disapproval, which has aggravated the country's economic decline, although the United States and Peru's South American neighbours became less openly critical when Fujimori promised a return to democracy in 1993. He has also undertaken to step down in 1995, when his term of elected office is due to expire.

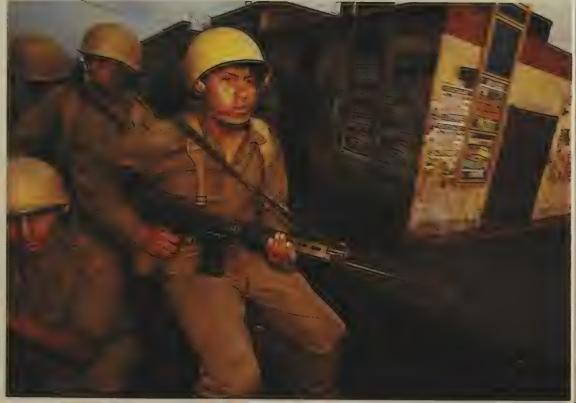
The relaxation of international pressure has raised hopes in Lima that the promised financial aid from the US, Canada, Japan and other countries will speedily be released. If Fujimori can get the economy moving, and as commander-in-chief can lead an effective military response to the current surge of Shining Path terrorism, he may yet reverse the mounting discontent in his troubled country.

Popular demonstrations against President Alberto Fujimori's suspension of civil liberties and seizure of dictatorial control in Peru were limited, but those that did take place were quickly dispersed by the police and armed forces, who supported the President's move. The army has so far been less effective in controlling the terrorist activities of the Shining Path guerrillas, who have recently moved down from their remote hide-outs in the Andes to the larger cities, where they have been exploding car bombs in the streets, above right. It is estimated that in 10 years of fighting some 25,000 people have been killed. One of the victims of the terrorists was a naval captain, given full military honours at his funeral, right. The objective of the terrorists is evidently to undermine the government and provoke a popular uprising against Fujimori.



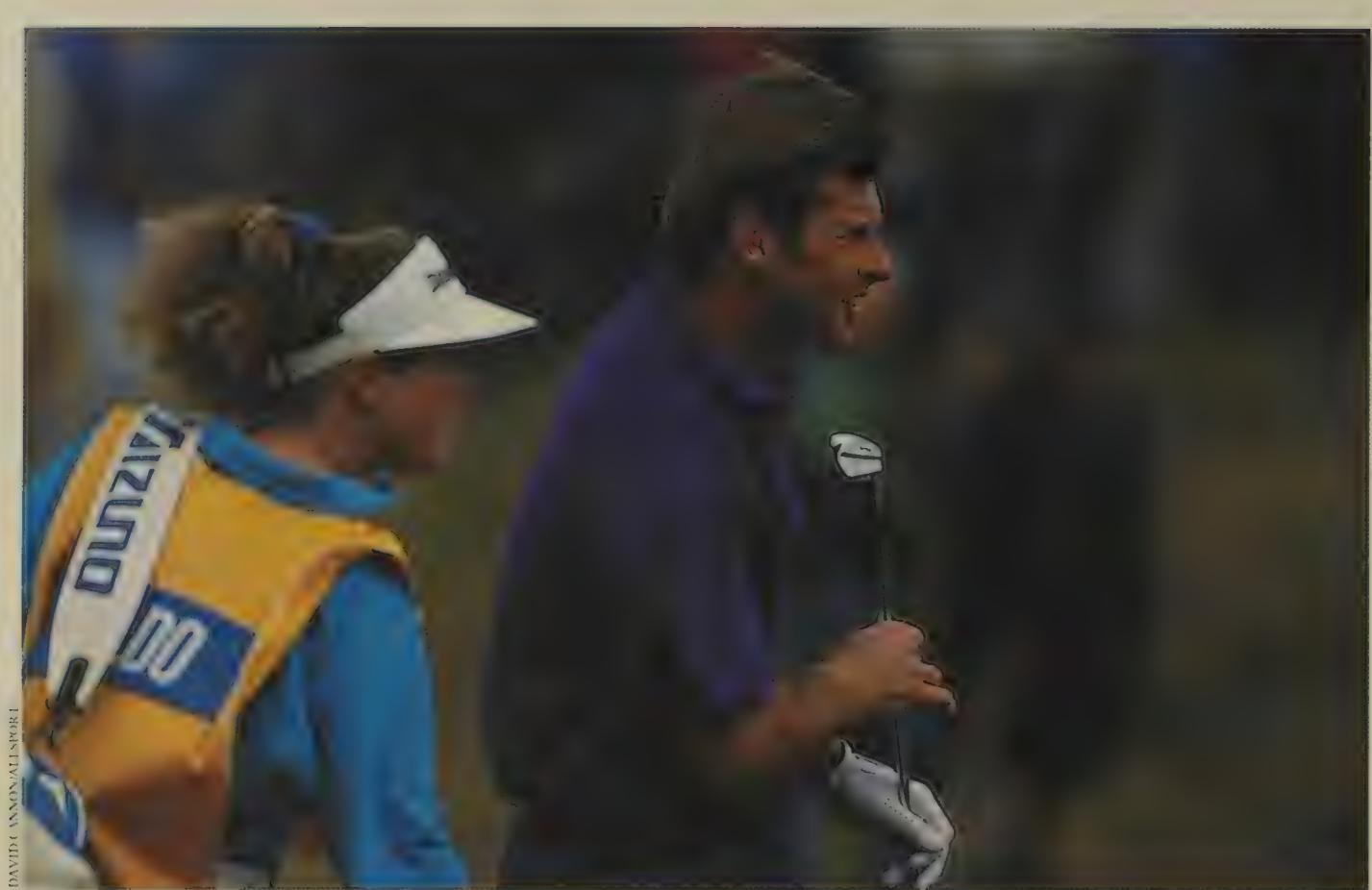


Lima's shanty towns, above, where perhaps one third of the city's population lives, is a propaganda target for the Shining Path guerrillas, who have recently turned their attacks on the middle-class areas of the city, hoping to enlist the support of the desperately poor to their revolutionary cause. President Fujimori has promised swift military action against the guerrillas, and armed troops have patrolled the streets, right, but as the government attempts to counter the guerrillas have not been noticeably effective. It has been reported that the armed forces are becoming increasingly divided, and that they are now no longer steadfast in support of the President as they were when he carried out his so-called 'autogolpe', or self-coup, in April of this year.



President Alberto Fujimori, top right, who won much popular support when he seized dictatorial powers four months ago, promising to reform the legislature, executive and judiciary as well as curbing terrorism. His popularity has since declined, though with the army's support he is still clearly in control of the country. The Congress he dissolved met to elect its own rival president, Maximino San Roman, who was Fujimori's first vice-president, centre right, but San Roman has so far failed to mount an effective challenge, though Fujimori's political opponents are campaigning for municipal elections. Meanwhile the army is striving to round up followers of the Shining Path guerrillas, known in Spanish as the Sendero Luminoso. Right, a suspect is arrested during a security operation in Lima.





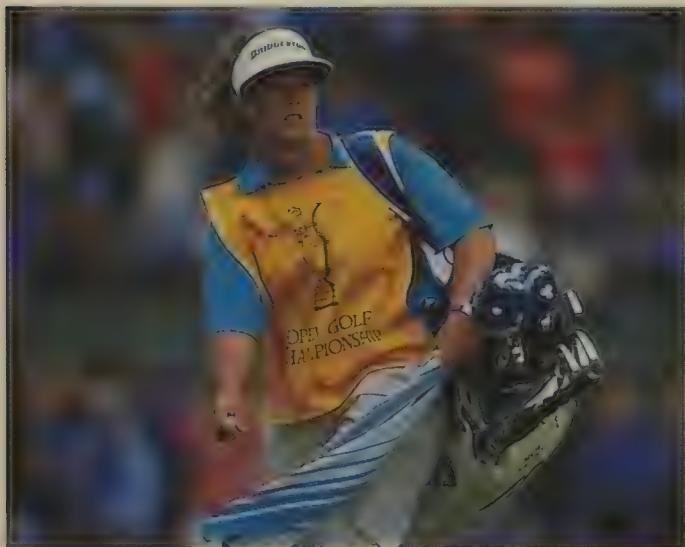
DAVID CANNON/ALLSPORT

OPEN FOR FALDO

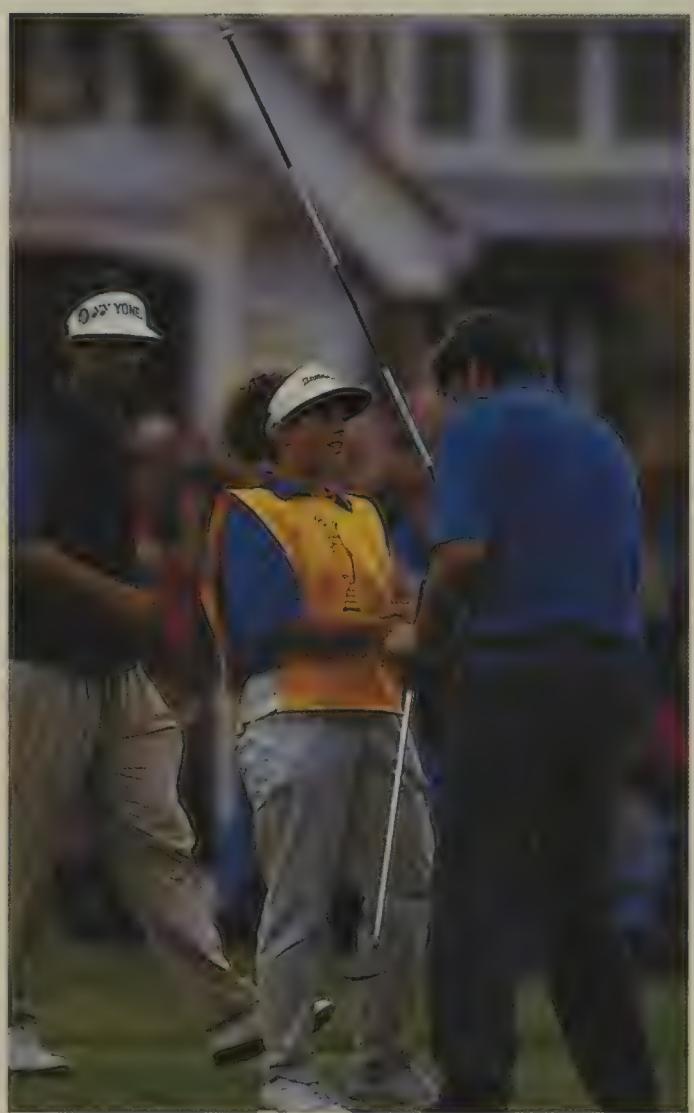
Nick Faldo won the British Open Golf Championship at Muirfield in July, the first Briton to win three Opens since Henry Cotton. Faldo won by one stroke from the American John Cook, his total of 272 being 12 under par for the four rounds. After starting the final round four strokes ahead, Faldo fell two strokes behind at the 14th, but made up the deficit in the final holes. The Spanish golfer José-Maria Olazabal was third. Faldo's mid-round crisis

was shared by his 25-year-old Swedish caddie, Fanny Sunesson, who began working for him in time for his second Open victory in 1990. Faldo has said that she understands his moods but concern has been expressed about the strain she is put under. A specialist in spinal disorders wrote to *The Times* suggesting that Fanny, who is only 5 feet 4 inches tall, be allowed to use a wheeled cart to carry the clubs.

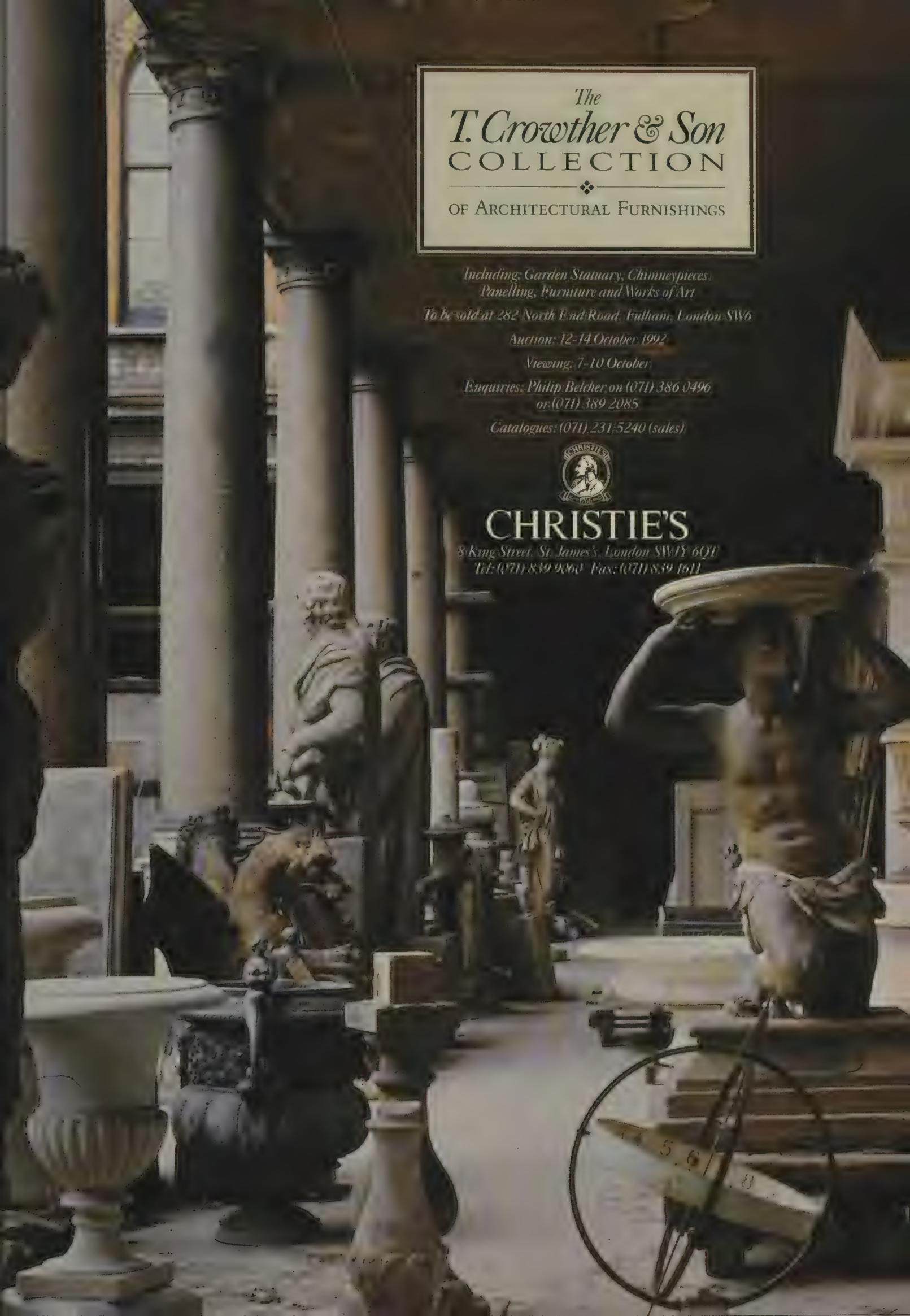
Faldo approached the 18th green needing a par four to win. After three strokes his ball lay only a foot from the hole. "My legs had gone," he said after sinking the putt and being congratulated by his caddie.



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TROUBLE IN THE FAMILY

This year we celebrate the 40th year of the Queen's reign. It is a time for the nation to acknowledge its debt to its head of state and to express its support in a time of strain within the royal family. Alan Hamilton here reviews the royal year.



MIKE WATKINS

If the dictum of the 19th-century constitutionalist Walter Bagehot that much of the appeal of a royal family is as a *family* remains true in the late-20th century—as it assuredly must—the past year has been little short of disastrous for that family's image.

Actual divorce, confirmed separation, and overwhelmingly publicised reports of marital disharmony have dominated the royal year. The House of Windsor, which has spent most of this century adroitly adapting itself to changing times, has sadly shown—not for the first time—that it does not easily accommodate common outsiders within its hermetic ranks. Yet the well of

marriage material from other European royal houses, the traditional source of new blood, is as good as dry.

Some will argue that a high divorce rate merely mirrors the trend in society at large. As many will counter that we do not want a royal family to mirror what we are, but rather what we should like to be. The air is filled with humble commentators declare loftily how scandalous it is that the private lives of royalty should be trailed before the sizeable multitude, yet they still devote acres of newsprint and hours of broadcasting time to analysing the moral arguments and the imagined consequences. Such

watching the fly-past, above, from the balcony of Buckingham Palace after the Trooping the Colour in June. The Queen, left, visited a hospice in Norfolk on February 6, the 40th anniversary of her accession.

reporting could not occur in many other countries, such as France, where the media is subject to stricter laws on privacy and where people are rather more matter-of-fact about their parents' marital business than the all-right-British.

For all the troubles of the Queen's children, Britain is still fortunate to have as its head of state a representative of the last royal generation to be raised for



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ASSOCIATED PRESS

high office without infection from the outside world. In the 41st year of her reign, now the sixth longest since the Norman conquest, she has continued to represent the nation at home and abroad with an unwavering commitment and an unimpaired dignity, even in the face of what appeared to be a serious case of *lèse-majesté* from one of her Commonwealth prime ministers.

The Commonwealth remains one of the Queen's abiding enthusiasms. In October she journeyed, as she always does, to its biennial Heads of Government meeting, this time held in Harare, capital of Zimbabwe, a country she first visited with her father in 1947 when it was still Southern Rhodesia and its principal city was still named Salisbury. As a political forum the 1991 Commonwealth summit produced little steam and less excitement.

The issue which kept this club of former British imperial possessions united in opposition for many years—namely its sanctions against South Africa has been largely defused by that nation's apparent progress towards the ending of apartheid. But the club still hangs together,

and even attracts the occasional new member. The Queen began her African tour with her first state visit to Namibia, once a German colony and more recently a South African vassal state, but now independent and the Commonwealth's 50th and most recent recruit.

Missing from this year's summit was one of its more enduring figures and the Queen's most ardent personal supporter, Kenneth Kaunda, who has finally retired from the presidency of Zambia. She met instead an even more familiar face, that of Nelson Mandela, now president of the African National Congress. He was attending as an observer from South Africa, which left the Commonwealth in 1961 when its policy of treating blacks as second-class citizens was first being rigorously applied. At a reception for delegates, Mandela and the monarch talked of cricket.

Paul Keating, on the other hand, appeared to talk of republicanism when he welcomed the Queen on one of her regular visits to Australia in February. Keating, who succeeded Bob Hawke as federal prime minister last





TERRY FINCHER/PHOTOGRAPHERS INTERNATIONAL
In Zimbabwe cheering children, opposite left, were among the crowd who lined the 5-mile route from Harare airport where the Queen was met by President Robert Mugabe, opposite right, during the first leg of her nine-day tour of southwest Africa in October. The trip included her first state visit to Namibia, independent since 1990 and the Commonwealth's 50th and latest member, and her opening of the Commonwealth Conference. Opposite below, Paul Keating, the federal prime minister of Australia, ushered the Queen along during her state visit in February when she was given a warm reception.



JAYNE FINCHER/PHOTOGRAPHERS INTERNATIONAL
TIM GRAHAM



In May the Queen made a three-day trip to Malta, left, during the 50th anniversary of its award of the George Cross for the islanders' heroic stand during the Second World War. She had lived on the island for extended periods between 1949 and 1951 when Prince Philip was serving as a Naval officer with the Mediterranean fleet. In June the Queen was invited to visit France by President Mitterrand. Her stay included a drive along the Champs-Elysées flanked by 100 mounted troops of the Republican Guard, a banquet with the president at the Elysée palace, below, and a tour of Bordeaux cheered by crowds, bottom.





GLENN HARVEY



JAYNE FINCHER/PHOTOGRAPHERS INTERNATIONAL



SYNDICATION INTERNATIONAL

A busy year for the Princess Royal: visiting Marwell Zoological Park, above left, in Winchester, on April 23, the day her marriage was legally dissolved; dancing with Commander Tim Lawrence at the Royal Caledonian Ball, above; talking to the Crown Prince of Kuwait, left, in Abu Dhabi, during the 20th anniversary celebrations of the United Arab Emirates in December; on an official tour of Poland in October, which featured a visit to the Auschwitz concentration camp and the site of its gas chambers, below.

year, spoke of Britain's growing union with Europe, and of Australia's need to find friends and markets elsewhere. The remark was interpreted, probably wrongly, as an airing of the republican issue, and Keating also further enraged British ex-servicemen back home when he suggested that Australian troops had been abandoned to their fate by the British high command in Malaya in 1942.

British newspapers fulminated against the seemingly disloyal Keating, but on the streets of Australia there was no evidence of wanting to remove Queen Elizabeth II as their head of state in the immediate future. The crowds' welcome seemed even warmer than on her previous visits, and banners proclaiming "G'Day Betty" indicated a strong if irreverent affection. *The Sydney Morning Herald* asked: "When is a republican not a republican? When the Queen is in town."

Considerably greater reverence back in Britain marked the 40th anniversary in February of the Queen's accession to the throne. She herself asked that there be no wild rejoicing, as the date is also that of her father's

death. So instead of street parties the British were treated to a major new television documentary on the Queen's working life, *Elizabeth R*, produced for the BBC by Edward Mirzoeff.

Mirzoeff and his crew were given unprecedented access to the Queen's official engagements at home and abroad. It was an endearing, kindly and essentially unquestioning portrait, memorable for showing the monarch positively enjoying her work, and for her efforts to order a cup of decaffeinated coffee for the elderly Ronald Reagan at a formal reception. But it made no attempt to touch on the serious questions increasingly being asked about the state of the monarchy, notably the Queen's exemption, unlike her suffering subjects, from all income tax liability. Still, the film was a welcome piece of positive public relations for the institution and its current occupant, in the face of gathering clouds of deeply negative revelations which were shortly to burst upon the scene.

The Princess Royal's long-awaited divorce proceedings came up in court, and were quickly and cleanly disposed of without fuss. No surprise there only a reminder of another failed marriage, like that of her aunt Princess Margaret before her, to a commoner. Anne, needless to say, hardly paused to draw breath and pressed on regardless with her now famously punishing

schedule of work for Save the Children and her other charities. This included visits to Poland, the United Arab Emirates and Scandinavia. She looked considerably happier in public and private, and there were even suggestions that remarriage might be under consideration.

The real storm broke in March, with the announcement that the Duke and Duchess of York were to separate after less than six years of marriage. Warning signals had been sounded weeks before, beginning with the discovery of photographs of the Duchess on holiday with a Texan oil millionaire. It was by no means the only holiday that the Duchess had taken without her husband, who was immersed in his career as a full-time Royal Navy officer and increasingly wedded to his newly discovered passion for golf.

The Duchess's royal life came to an abrupt end, and Buckingham Palace dropped barbed hints of her unsuitability for the role. "The knives are out for Fergie", reported a BBC correspondent after a briefing with courtiers. Such few public engagements as remained on her diary were instantly cancelled, she lost the services of her police protection officer, and she moved with her two children, the Princesses Beatrice and Eugenie, out of the garish Berkshire home that had been built for the Yorks at Sunninghill. In royal eyes she



PHOTOGRAPHERS INTERNATIONAL

Marital problems brought the royal family the most media attention.

In March it was announced that the Duke of York, above, and the Duchess right, were to separate after less than six years of marriage. The Duchess's royal life was ended abruptly when her remaining public engagements were cancelled and she moved out with her children, the Princesses Beatrice and Eugenie, from the Berkshire home built for the Yorks at Sunninghill. In May the family were seen together at the Royal Windsor Horse Show, below, joined by the Duchess's father, Major Ronald Ferguson. The Yorks' split caused enough discord for any single year, but more was to come.



GLEN HARVEY





PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAYNE FINCHER, PHOTOGRAPHERS INTERNATIONAL

The Princess of Wales started to undertake more engagements without the Prince. In July, 1991, on her 10th wedding anniversary, she attended the Queen's Review of the Royal Air Force College, left, at Cranwell in Lincolnshire. In September she embarked on a highly successful visit to Pakistan — her first major solo foreign tour. However, despite having removed her shoes and covered her head to enter the Badshahi Mosque, in Lahore, the Princess, pictured above with the Imam, unintentionally caused local outrage by wearing a knee-length skirt. Later Diana was shown around the impressive Lahore Fort, right, built by the Mogul emperors in the 16th century.

became, overnight, an unperson, and disappeared on a long vacation to the Far East.

By itself, the separation of the Yorks would have been more than enough discord in one family for one year. But the biggest bomb was yet to explode. It did so in June with the publication of a book, and its serialisation in the prestigious *Sunday Times*, claiming that the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales was no more than a loveless, bitter and empty shell.

Preceded by a tidal wave of carefully orchestrated advance publicity, *Diana, Her True Story* was an instant sell-out and broke British publishing sales records, making its author, Andrew Morton, a rich man. Debate raged about whether Mr Morton's allegations were true, whether the Princess connived at their publication, and whether such intimacies should be published at all. But there were no denials, and an absolute silence was maintained by the Prince of Wales, whose lifetime of royal training would make any descent into public discussion of his private life unthinkable.

Yet even the most detached





observer could hardly fail to notice an increasing separateness in the way the Prince and Princess were conducting their official lives. In September the Princess undertook her first major overseas visit alone, to Pakistan. In a predominantly Islamic country where custom and culture would normally frown on a glamorous female being the centre of attention, she was judged a great success except when she visited a mosque in Lahore wearing a knee-length skirt and drew the anger of the local Muslim clergy.

The couple managed to come together for an autumn visit to Canada, a duty made patently more enjoyable for the Princess by the presence of their sons, Prince William and Prince Harry, whom she greeted in full public view with huge embraces on the deck of the royal yacht *Britannia*. The Prince failed to appear in the resulting photograph published around the world, having paused to chat to the crew at the bottom of the gangplank.

A joint visit to India in February did little in the public mind to cement their union, and their pursuit of separate programmes meant that a long-standing promise by the Prince remained unfulfilled. In his bachelor days

he had pledged to his hosts during a visit to the Taj Mahal - supposedly the world's greatest monument to a love-match that one day he would return with a bride. The bride arrived alone: the Prince was addressing a worthy seminar elsewhere. The Princess was memorably photographed sitting by herself on a stone bench: the visit, she declared mysteriously, had been "a very healing experience. You can work that out for yourselves."

Emboldened by her experience of Pakistan, the Princess in March embarked on yet another solo mission, to Hungary and subsequently to Egypt, where once again she was more than happy to be photographed entirely alone in front of the Pyramids, her Egyptian hosts being gently persuaded to stand aside while the shutters clicked. The specialist photographers who cover royal tours were growing increasingly aware that the Princess had become rather adept at manipulating them.

During an early spring skiing holiday at Lech, in Austria, with her two sons, the Princess was joined briefly by her husband, but the whole enterprise was overshadowed by her fears for the declining health of her father, Earl Spencer. The earl, aged 68, had been taken to hospital in

JAYNE LINCHER, PHOTOGRAPHERS INTERNATIONAL



GLEN HARVEY



Rumours persisted concerning a rift in the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. In an attempt to present a more united front the couple paid a visit to Canada in the autumn, opposite page, and were accompanied for the first time during an official trip by their two young sons. Prince William and Prince Harry had been flown to Toronto in advance where they went on board the royal yacht Britannia to await the arrival of their parents. The photographs capturing the family's joyous reunion were flashed around the world.

In spite of an earlier promise to bring his future bride to visit the Taj Mahal, Charles was unable to accompany Diana to the romantic memorial on their joint Indian tour, and she saw it alone, top. The couple were welcomed to the village of Nalu where the Prince placed a garland, above, around the neck of a Punch-like puppet. However, the Princess's later solo visit to Egypt, where she was again photographed alone, at the Pyramids, above right, and at the British ambassador's residence, right, did nothing to allay speculation.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GLENN HARVEY





ANNIE LEIBOVITZ/REDUX/OUTLINE/INTERCONTINENTAL

The family skiing holiday at Lech in Austria, left and far left, was suddenly cut short for the Prince and Princess of Wales by the unexpected death of Earl Spencer, the Princess's father. The couple returned to England, below left, to attend the funeral at Althorp, below. Prince William and Prince Harry also attended their grandfather's London memorial service, right, which was held at Margaret's, Westminster.

London suffering from pneumonia, he was not expected to die. But he did, and the Princess was robbed of a man who loved her unstintingly and was immensely proud of her. Who could forget his painful and courageous progress up the aisle of St. Paul's with his daughter on his arm on her wedding day, not long after he had suffered a massive and near-fatal brain haemorrhage? In an already difficult life, she appeared to have been deprived of one of her few solid pillars of support.

Past differences between father and children over the disposal of treasures from the family seat at Althorp, Northamptonshire, by the earl's second wife, Raine, daughter of the romantic novelist Barbara Cartland, were forgotten at the touching and simple funeral in the small country church on the Spencers' estate.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE





The Prince flew in by helicopter, just in time for the service, and departed straight away afterwards, leaving the Princess and her immediate family to attend a private cremation. The next day's papers were not short of accusations of callousness.

The reading public was left wondering whether the Prince felt he should not be at the cremation, or whether the Princess did not wish him there. It was, perhaps, an early sign of the emergence of two rival camps among courtiers, commentators and the merely curious: a Prince's camp, which supports the heir to the throne at all costs and believes his wife has failed to make the necessary adjustments to royal life; and a Princess's camp, which believes she has been treated cruelly and unfairly by her husband and by the whole anachronistic system he represents.

In the turbulent ebb and flow of royal life one figure normally stands above all controversy, universally adored and marvelling at her longevity. But in this troubled year not even Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has entirely escaped her share of opprobrium. She accepted an invitation to unveil a statue of Sir Arthur "Bomber" Harris, the wartime head of RAF Bomber Command who master-minded the mass raid on Dresden in 1945 which killed 35,000 civilians.

Surviving bomber crews had long felt that the RAF's fighter wing had snatched all the glory, and that their own memorial was long overdue. Many others considered, however, that to honour a man responsible for so many non-combatant deaths was inappropriate, especially after so long a time. A group of demonstrators tried to disrupt the unveiling in May at St Clement Dane's church in London; the Queen Mother, a much-admired figure-head with King George VI, her husband, of a nation at war, was visibly upset by the commotion around her. The morality of

decisions taken in war can become obscured and confused when the event is long past.

Twelve months of trauma in the Windsor household ended as they began, with the Queen upholding the dignity and worth of the nation's hereditary head of state. She chose to make 1992 her year of Europe, advised by a government which has become markedly warmer to the idea of European union since the departure of the sceptical Margaret Thatcher. In May the Queen travelled to Strasbourg to address the European Parliament and to reaffirm Britain's commitment to the European Community. She was the last head of any of the 12 member states to do so; the invitation had been on the table since at least 1988, but her presence

there had been consistently discouraged by her prime minister of the day.

Continuing her European theme, the Queen made a brief state visit to Malta accompanied by Prince Philip, who in fact travels with her almost everywhere but who has rarely received much credit for his stabilising influence on the throne and its occupant throughout the last 40 years. Malta had a special significance for the couple, as they had spent some of the early years of their marriage there when the Prince was a serving Royal Navy officer.

And, finally, an undisputed triumph. In further pursuit of her European year, the Queen made a state visit to France as guest of President Mitterrand. The

republican French, who harbour a long-standing suspicion of perfidious Albion, nevertheless turned out in their thousands to see their British visitor, to cheer and applaud her to the echo, and to shout "Vive la Reine!" endlessly and with palpable sincerity.

The sight of the Queen, in a peach meringue hat, riding up the Champs-Élysées in an open-topped car, accompanied by the French president and escorted by 100 brass-helmeted cavalrymen of the Republican Guard, to lay a wreath at the Arc de Triomphe and to greet war veterans of both nations, was a heart-stirring reminder that the British monarchy continues to have its powerfully positive side.

□ Alan Hamilton is the royal correspondent of *The Times*.

POPPERFOTO



At the age of 91 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, left, braved demonstrators to unveil a memorial to controversial Sir Arthur "Bomber" Harris at St Clement Dane's church, in the Strand, in May. After weeks of press speculation about the details of the Princess of Wales's marriage and her state of health, a public show of goodwill and affection from supporters who were gathered outside a Merseyside hospice in June proved too emotional for Diana, right.

THE PARADOX OF MONARCHY

It is the monarchy which enables Britain so surely, unselfconsciously and effectively to practise democracy. Enoch Powell explores the great paradox that we have now successfully been working for more than a thousand years.

I can never forget a conversation which I had in 1990 with the Russian poet and politician Yevgeny Yevtushenko at his Moscow dacha. In the course of it he declared that he believed, and had said as much to Mikhail Gorbachev himself, then near his zenith, that Gorbachev's great neglected duty was to provide for his succession. "Like Boris Godunov, you mean?" I interposed gently. He stopped, and we eyed one another for an instant. Then both of us burst out laughing. Had I been less courteous, I might have gone on and said, "You know, what you in Russia are missing is a tsar".

There is something almost indecent in the complacency with which we British watch the newly independent nations in Eastern Europe and the component parts of the old Soviet Union thrashing about to find some continuing focus of loyalty and source of authority which will preserve their existence while they experiment with making and unmaking sovereign representative assemblies. We in the United Kingdom have had it so extraordinarily easy—or, in more old-fashioned language, we have been so extraordinarily blessed. We have been able all but effortlessly to acknowledge the demands and sovereignty of the state while we argue and fight ferociously, and sometimes dirtily, about how those demands are to be formulated and how that sovereignty is to be exercised.

If the way we carry on is, to borrow a category from our American cousins, "democratic", then we are facing a living paradox; for it is the monarchy which enables us so surely and unselfconsciously to practise democracy. A paradox? Yes, well; but a paradox, especially when dealing with the affairs of this country, is nothing to be frightened of. We have lived that paradox for more than 1,000 years, and we live it still: it is ours, the secret of being ourselves.

There never was a time, go back as far as you please, when we could get out of our heads the idea that we are governed by our own consent. The kingdom which William the Conqueror seized in 1066 was a kingdom whose ruler ruled by consent. The Conqueror's imposition of Norman feudalism did not alter that; it only formalised the feudal council, presently called Parliament, as the means whereby that consent was to be obtained.

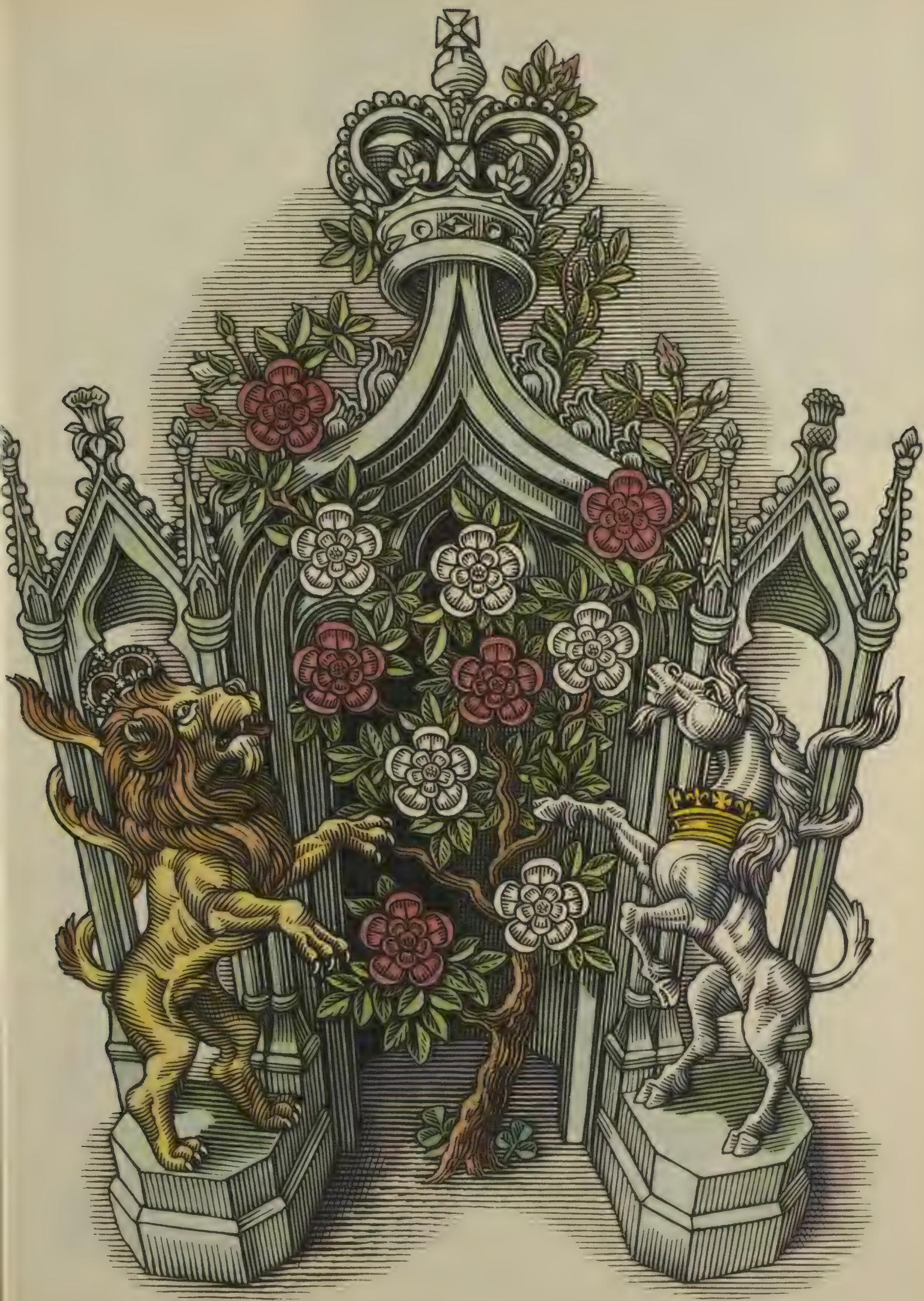
In the crisis of the 17th century, when the monarch made a bid to rule without consent, it was to the past of that monarchy that the lawyers who were opposing him—eventually, in arms—appealed. The solution lay there all the time, though it needed centuries more to work out the detail: every act of the state must be covered by the consent of an elected body. King Charles I stumbled upon what Queen Elizabeth II conscientiously practises—to be advised by ministers who could command a majority in Parliament. It is no tomfoolery but simple realism that when one parliament has passed its sell-by date, the Crown commands its officers throughout the realm to return members newly authorised by their constituents to "advise and consent". Thus does the state, its majesty unchallenged and intact, continue to rely from decade to decade, from generation to generation, upon obedience and loyalty.

The monarchy is the mainspring. No monarchy, no Parliament. No Parliament, no democracy—which, for the denizens of this parliamentary state, means no habitable home. The monarchy lives on through time in the same way as the nation lives on through time and by the same mechanism, "begotten not made", as it was from the beginning. No piece of paper, not even the federal foundation document of the United States, and no inanimate object,

like St Stephen's crown in Hungary, will serve the purpose. The command, obeyed because it has consent, "let there be law" or "let there be taxation" or (it may hap) "let there be war" is a human command which human lips utter; and the bond by which are bound those who have duly consented is a human bond. The British state is a state personified.

A person is a person is a person. They come in all shapes, and always have done. The monarch, activating on advice and with consent the machinery of the state, will be an object of interest, concern and, because we naturally love our country, of affection to the citizens; but it is not requisite that the sovereign should resemble the generality of citizens in any particular way. Outside the sphere in which advice is offered and consent is tendered—provided the duties of that sphere are fulfilled—British monarchs have, like any other human

*THERE NEVER HAS BEEN
A TIME, GO BACK
AS FAR AS YOU PLEASE,
WHEN WE COULD
GET OUT OF OUR HEADS
THE IDEA THAT WE
ARE GOVERNED BY OUR
OWN CONSENT.*





HULTON DEUTSCH COLLECTION

The Queen leaves 10 Downing Street after dining with Sir Winston and Lady Churchill in 1955. The sovereign's political advisers require an informal restraint.

durability of a state ruled by consent places no intolerable demands upon those concerned with its functioning. It is not requisite for those who formulate advice nor for the monarch who acts upon it to be superior beings. The magic of consent and faith in the institution which conveys it are all that is needed to secure the ancient liberties of the British people.

Nevertheless, a personified state functioning upon the principle of consent implies a monarch who will "play the game". In that respect we have, since the early days of Queen Victoria—before whom the principle had not become fully crystallised—been singularly fortunate. With all their differences of character, and with one exception to which I shall refer later, one monarch succeeding another has entered into the spirit of rule by consent and has loyally and conscientiously accepted its implications. Our present sovereign has observed them in exemplary fashion; and the heir apparent has given no ground for anxiety or

beings, had their idiosyncrasies, their weaknesses, their foibles. These have been observed, discerned, criticised and caricatured, and have furnished the subject of entertaining essays, not to mention news items; but the indispensability of monarchy to our political freedom is not, and has not been, affected thereby.

Perception of that fact is sometimes and for some people obscured by a peculiarity of England—and I happen by that word to mean "England" only. It is now approaching five centuries since Parliament declared, and the people acquiesced in its declaration, that the sovereign would be head of that part of the Church Universal which is situated in England. It is three centuries since Parliament declared the natural corollary: that no monarch can acknowledge, or be married to anyone acknowledging, the authority of the papacy.

Through all the immense cultural and intellectual revolutions of the intervening years that so-called "establishment by law" of the Church of England has continued, although its sovereign "governor" now makes the law of the Church in Parliament on advice through a modified procedure, also parliamentarily enacted, that curtails debate and excludes amendment. This enduring association of the monarchy with the Church of England has given rise to the misapprehension that the sovereign is or ought to be an exemplary member of the Church, subject to religious obligations different from or greater than those of any other lay person. For that misapprehension there is no foundation, despite the actual and sincere devotion of our present monarch to the rites and doctrines of the Church of England.

Not the least of the blessings enjoyed by this "scepter'd isle" is the fact that the

doubt as to his intending to follow her example.

Misunderstanding over the heir's exercise of a freedom of expression and opinion, which is not available to the sovereign, has been fostered by the deplorable custom of lumping the royal family together and labelling them "The Royals". It is the sovereign and the sovereign alone who is bound to act upon advice conveying consent. The obligation extends no farther, whatever ceremonial or charitable duties may be performed in lieu of the sovereign by members of the sovereign's family. The only limitation is the informal and natural desire to avoid embarrassment which might be caused by patent divergence from opinions expressed by the monarch on advice or from the advice which might probably be tendered to a successor. It is a limitation which has been understood and observed.

A corresponding informal and natural restraint is called for from the political advisers of the sovereign. There can be no hard and fast definition of the point where words or actions of the monarch acquire such important implications as to necessitate being covered by advice. Indeed, it might strictly be argued that the decision to refrain from tendering advice is as much a responsible political decision as to tender it. This is that borderline territory which once upon a time the young Victoria and Sir Robert Peel unsuccessfully explored before the responsibility for sinecure appointments had come to rest, as logically it must rest, with the government of the day. A modern prime minister who publicly disavows offering advice on, for example, the contents of the Queen's Christmas Day message is simply observing—and is responsible for his decision to observe—a sort of restraint indispensable in dealing with an embodiment of the state who also happens to be a person.

How far that restraint extends, the prime minister of the day has to decide on his own political responsibility and take the consequences. Ironically, the advice which Stanley Baldwin tendered to King Edward VIII did not happen to refer to legislation or to taxation, or to policies which need the assent and support of Parliament. It related, however, to a matter which the prime minister and Cabinet believed touched public opinion so closely and deeply that tender the advice he did; and nothing less than the abdication of the sovereign averted the consequences of a monarch attempting to act in contravention of advice.

Rigid, inflexible rules there cannot be. That is part of the wonderful elasticity which the British machinery of government combines with its durability □

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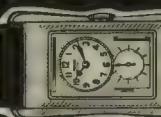
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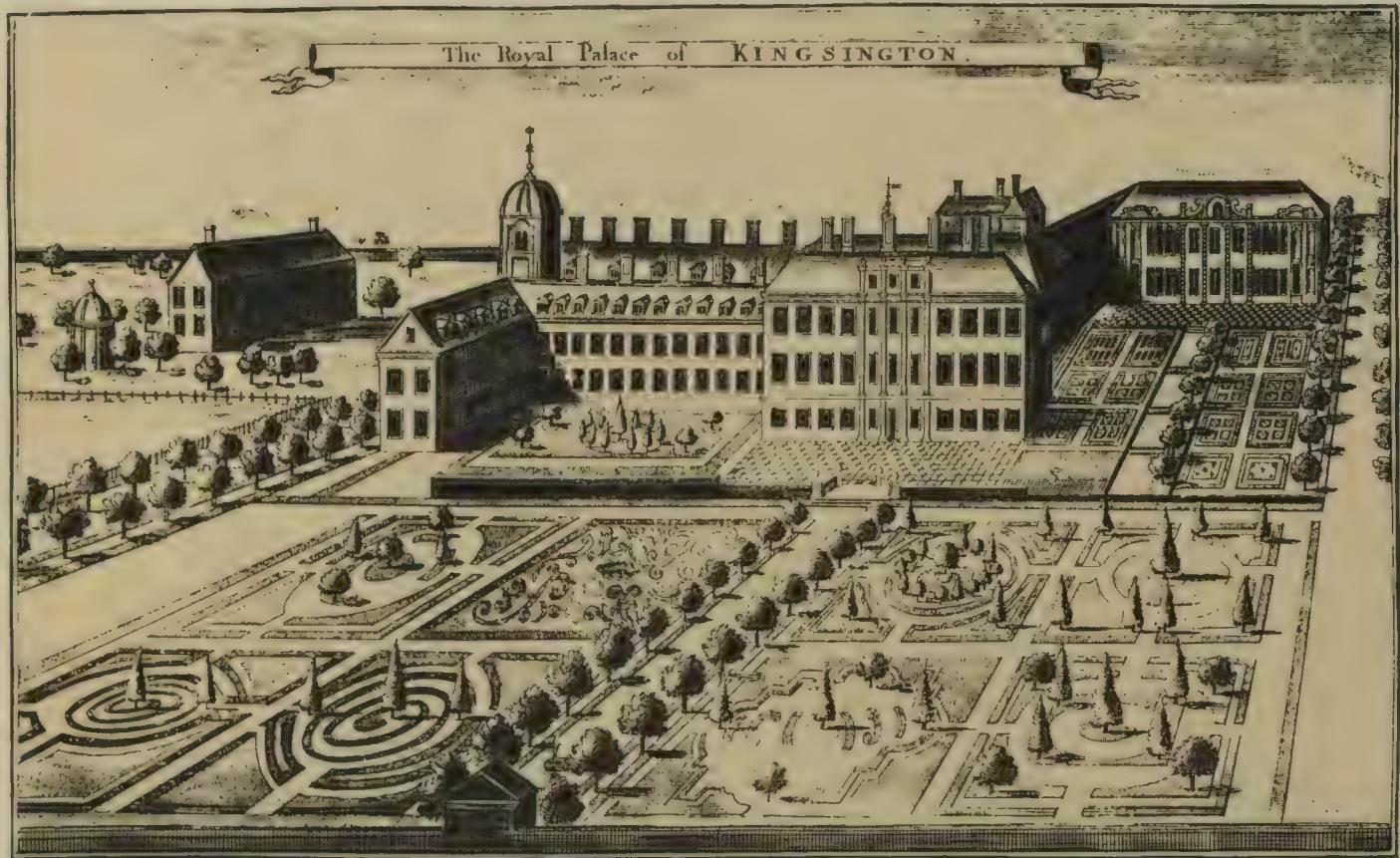
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LONDON'S ROYAL COUNTRY HOUSE

THE FORTUNES OF KENSINGTON PALACE HAVE FLUCTUATED WILDLY SINCE IT
WAS BOUGHT AS A COUNTRY RESIDENCE BY WILLIAM III
300 YEARS AGO. JOY BILLINGTON EXPLORES ITS HISTORY AND ITS TREASURES,
WHICH INCLUDE OLD AND NEW INTERPRETATIONS OF COURT DRESS.



ABOVE, IN THE 1690s THE HAWKSMOOR-DESIGNED SOUTH FRONT HID THE OLD
CORE OF NOTTINGHAM HOUSE AND OVERLOOKED FORMAL PARTERRES
LAID OUT AT GREAT EXPENSE BY WILLIAM III, SWIFTLY ALTERED BY ANNE
AND NOW MOSTLY ABSORBED INTO KENSINGTON GARDENS, RIGHT.







HISTORIC ROYAL PALACES

WILLIAM KENT'S ILLUSIONIST GALLERY AND DOME (WITH A SELF-PORTAIT IN THE LEFT-HAND LUNETTE) AND THE KING'S GRAND STAIRCASE.

K

ensington Palace is the Cinderella of the palaces. Those members of the royal family who live there—the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Margaret, and Prince and Princess Michael of Kent—are probably relieved that it should remain one of the capital's less visited landmarks. Indeed, most Londoners assume that the whole palace is off-limits, and it is left to foreign tourists, thumbing through their London guidebooks, to discover that about one third of the building is open daily to the public.

Finding the entrance for the first time can be puzzling. The series of handsome façades is visible from Kensington Road or from Kensington Gardens, but the driveway leading to the palace complex on the western side of the Gardens is guarded and nobody is admitted unless he or she has an appointment with one of the royal residents. Nor is there access from the adjacent private road where many foreign embassies stand in dignified grandeur. The public entrance is reached via a pathway marked "Kensington Palace State Apartments and Court Dress Collection" leading off the Broad Walk opposite the Round Pond, or through Orme Square Gate on Baywater Road.

Although about 150,000 visitors find their way into the palace each year, the director of the State Apartments, Nigel Arch, is anxious to compete more actively with other royal residences like Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and Hampton Court. "It's been a royal backwater—underplayed, really; not recognised," he says. To remedy this and to attract more public attention a new exhibition—Court Couture '92—has been launched featuring 30 dresses by such leading designers as Hartnell, Hardy Amies, Vivienne Westwood, Bruce Oldfield and other top names of





A CONTEMPORARY DESCRIPTION KENT'S DÉCOR FOR THE CUPOLA ROOM, ABOVE, AS AIMING FOR "A V. APPEARANCE OF SPLENDOUR AT SMALL EXPENSE". RIGHT, THE KING'S GALLERY.



contemporary fashion. Their modern interpretations of the rigid rules laid down for court dress are on display, ready to be compared with the fashions of yester-year: the silk brocaded panniers worn by a maid of honour in 1760, the Dean of Windsor's Garter robes and Lady Diana Spencer's wedding dress. "Court dress was one of the earliest examples of power dressing," says Arch. "It demonstrated the wealth, the status and the power of the wearer."

Arch heads a staff of 35 stewards, ranging from the official who checks handbags at the public entrance to those who act like watchful guards in the various rooms beyond. The prevailing atmosphere is an odd mix of commerce and museum. In this public domain, where no royals reside, one guard, wrapped in his own world, plays reggae music through a leaky stereo headset; others chat loudly up and down staircases or from room to room. The hushed silence of a royal household is absent. Ashpells characteristic paraphernalia—a purple sweat-shirt embroidered with an outline of the palace at £24.95, a Queen Victoria wax doll at £99.95, an elaborately dressed china figure resembling in feathers, face and brocade for £225 or, at the other end of the scale, a badge marked "KP" for 35p.

"KP" began its life modestly enough



to the west, where it was reached through a new courtyard. Yet the building, known throughout those early years as Kensington House, retained an essentially domestic character.

In 1694, aged 32, Queen Mary died of smallpox. King William, injured in a fall from his horse, followed her eight years later, having made more palatial additions to the house and laid out its 26 acres



of grounds. Queen Anne, who succeeded her brother-in-law in 1702, shared his love of gardens—though she is said to have detested William himself and all his works. One of her first endeavours when she came to the throne was to "root up the box" and to redesign her predecessor's Dutch-style formal garden layout along more English lines.

The enlarged house became the centre

of power for four reigns, gaining in grandeur with each passing year. The present-day visitor progresses from the simplicity of the queen's oak-panelled rooms, past the darkened bedroom containing the richly-hung bed in which Queen Mary and, later, her sister Queen Anne are thought to have died, through gradually more ornate rooms to the opulence of the King's Apartments, which

reflect the tastes of George I. The King's Grand Staircase is embellished by a *trompe-l'œil* gallery painted by William Kent, crowded with vividly-dressed figures: Turkish servants, the Prince of Wales's mistress Lady Suffolk, Peter the Wild Boy (who had been found in a Hanoverian forest and brought to London as a palace curiosity), and a throng of lively-looking, 18th-century



courtiers who peer down over false balustrades. The ceilings in the King's Apartments feature classical scenes, also executed by Kent, whose work for George I represented the pinnacle of his career. The Cupola Room is the most stately, containing busts of Greek poets and philosophers above six brightly

gilded statues of Roman gods in niches beneath a domed ceiling covered with blue and gold *trompe-l'oeil* decoration.

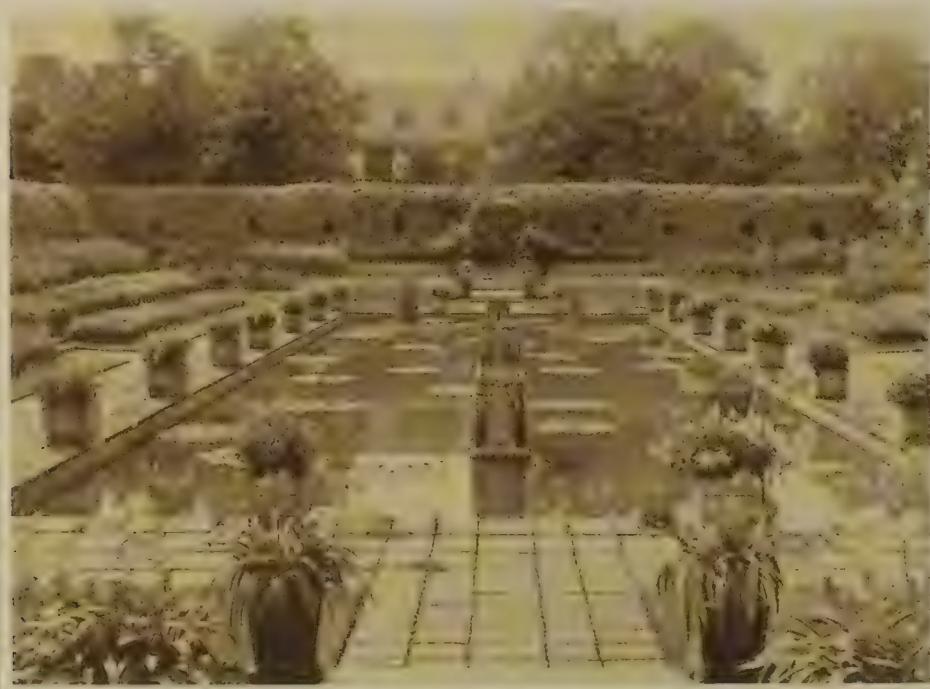
Looking up at it Nigel Arch explains: "In 1750 this was where the heart of the nation beat, during the spring court. This was where the country was run. So, in your imagination, try to people these

rooms with courtiers, politicians, lobbyists, petitioners and all the hangers-on. It was, in its day, the most important place in London."

Within 15 years of the Court moving to Kensington the village had grown to a size three times that of Chelsea. Queen Anne added the superb Orangery, where she could enjoy summer suppers, and George I converted the house into a real palace with his many additions and redesigns. In George II's reign the expensive and elaborate gardens laid out by Anne were abandoned for newly fashionable expanses of lawns, walks, the Round Pond and the recently enlarged Serpentine, which in 1731 was adorned by two yachts for the diversion of the royal family.

By the reign of George III, however, Buckingham House was the preferred royal residence, and Kensington Palace remained neglected for about 40 years until Edward, Duke of Kent moved there in 1798. Extensive renovations costing some £60,000 were completed by 1812, but four years later the Duke was obliged by his debts to leave the country. He returned in 1819, when his wife was expecting a child. Soon afterwards Princess Victoria was born in a room on the palace's ground floor on May 24, 1819.

"The Duchess had a robust attitude





for the maid, and a dressing-room for Mama; then comes the old gallery, which is partitioned into three large, lofty, fine and cheerful rooms." It was in this bedroom a year later that Princess Victoria was awakened to receive the news of her accession to the throne.

The apartment was later occupied by the Duke of Teck and his wife—a cousin of the queen. Their daughter Princess May—later Queen Mary, consort to George V—was born and brought up there, and undertook in 1933 the refurbishment of the three Victorian rooms that made up her former home. Queen Victoria herself retained an affection for the palace, and saved it from demolition in 1898, persuading Parliament to pay £36,000 for a restoration of the State Apartments that had by then been closed for almost a century. They were opened to visitors the following year and have remained on view to the public almost continuously since then.

Today, in spite of the giggling Japanese tourists, the earnest American groups and the straggling school parties that wander through the oak-panelled apartments of Mary and Anne and the ornately decorated state rooms, a 17th-century atmosphere still lingers. A recent research programme has yielded more information about the palace and refurbishment plans are under way to restore wall-hangings, chandeliers and floor coverings. Later this year a selection of blue and white china will be placed in Queen Mary's Gallery similar to that collected by the palace's first resident.

Kensington Palace State Apartments and Court Dress Collection is open every day, except Good Friday and December 25, 26. The Court Couture 92 exhibition continues until October 18.

QUEEN VICTORIA SPENT HER CHILDHOOD AT KENSINGTON AND LEARNT OF HER ACCESSION IN 1837 IN HER BEDROOM, ABOVE. BY THEN LAWNS, LEFT, HAD REPLACED THE FORMAL GARDENS, BUT IN 1909 A SUNKEN GARDEN WAS MADE IN THE DUTCH STYLE, BELOW LEFT.



towards conservation," says Nigel Arch. She annexed some of the rooms on the first floor which had been empty since George III became king. This action, and her partitioning of the King's Gallery into three cosier rooms, enraged William IV when he paid a surprise visit and discovered that "someone" had

altered his palace without his permission.

The most appealing room is Queen Victoria's Bedroom, where the Duchess of Kent slept with the young Victoria. After a redecoration was carried out in 1836, the future queen wrote: "Our bedroom is very large and lofty, and is very nicely furnished, then comes a little room

KENSINGTON PALACE WAS DAMAGED BY A CONFLAGRATION IN JANUARY, 1963

In 1691 William and Mary watched the south wing of their new home in Kensington burn down. More than 270 years later another blaze there also brought out the royal onlookers. Seventy firemen fought the 1963 fire, below left, which damaged the apartments of Princess Margaret, centre, and Princess Marina, below right, who is seen in the white hat with Prince Michael of Kent (far left) and Princess Alexandra.



PRINCE WILLIAM'S FIRST DECADE



On June 21 Prince William celebrated his 10th birthday. Second in line to the throne, the prince has been protected from too much public attention, though significant occasions—such as his first meeting with the media (on his second birthday), his first day at school and his first official public engagement—were all recorded with an extravagant amount of film. Here are some memorable photographs of his first years.

The new-born Prince William of Wales, left, leaves St Mary's hospital with his parents. Below, aged seven months, at home at Kensington Palace. Right, he meets the press on his second birthday.







PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM GRAHAM

Left, four-year-old Wills is led by his mother on Smokey, his Shetland pony, at Highgrove, the family's country house in Gloucestershire.

Below far left, he scrambles up the climbing frame at Highgrove, wearing a specially cut-down uniform of the 1st Battalion the Parachute Regiment, of which his father is colonel-in-chief. William's beret had to be soaked in water and put over a pudding basin to shrink it, and he was given the insignia of a corporal.

Below left, in January, 1987, the young student wears a different uniform on his first day at Wetherby, a pre-preparatory school close to London's Notting Hill Gate.



JOYCE HINCHEY/PHOTOGRAPHERS INTERNATIONAL

Aged six, William poses with his mother and younger brother, Harry, in the flower garden behind Highgrove in August, 1988. The photograph was part of a set taken to celebrate Prince Charles's 40th birthday which took place on November 14.

Below, William joins in the races at sports day in 1990, his final year at Wetherby. The Princess of Wales had competed in the mothers' race for three years. In September, William left Harry behind at Wetherby and moved on to his preparatory school, Ludgrove, near Wokingham, in Berkshire, where, aged eight, he became a boarder. He has been there for the past two years.

NEWSPIX INTERNATIONAL





JAYNE FINCHER/PHOTOGRAPHERS INTERNATIONAL



TIM GRAHAM



REX FEATURES

Top left, a family holiday with King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia of Spain in August, 1990. Top right, with his father at Windsor Great Park. Above, William leaves hospital in June, 1991, after an accident with a golf club at school. Right, he and Harry visit HMCS Ottawa in Toronto. Far right, with his grandmother and great-grandmother on Easter Sunday this year at Windsor.

GLEN HARVEY



JAYNE FINCHER/PHOTOGRAPHERS INTERNATIONAL





HOMOEOPATHY: THE ROYAL CONNECTION

MANY MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY HAVE BEEN
ENTHUSIASTIC SUPPORTERS OF
HOMOEOPATHY, PATRONISING IT FROM ITS
INTRODUCTION TO THIS COUNTRY
IN THE EARLY 19TH CENTURY. ENID SEGALL,
GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH
HOMOEOPATHIC ASSOCIATION, DESCRIBES ITS GROWTH.



The royal interest in homoeopathy stretches back to the early years of the 19th century and remains as potent among members of the royal family today. The Prince of Wales is an outspoken supporter, the Queen is patron of the Royal London Homoeopathic Hospital in Great Ormond Street and takes a leather case of homoeopathic medicines with her on her travels, and the Queen Mother is patron of the British Homoeopathic Association, this year celebrating the 90th anniversary of its foundation.

The royal connection began with Queen Adelaide, wife of King William IV and a patient of Dr Ernst Stapf, who studied homoeopathy under its founder, the German-born Dr Samuel Hahnemann. Another doctor who studied under Hahnemann was Dr Hervey Quin, who had a flourishing practice in St. James's and who had among his patients Princess Mary Adelaide, popularly known as 'Fat Mary', who later became Duchess of Teck. It was she who laid the foundation stone of the London Homoeopathic Hospital in Golden Square, which Quin founded, and it was her daughter, Princess Mary of Teck, who married the man who became King George V.

Queen Mary raised her family using homoeopathic medicines, and three of her sons—King Edward VIII, King George VI and the Duke of Gloucester all appointed a homoeopathic doctor, Dr (later Sir) John Weir. Sir John was also physician to the present Queen, and attended the births of both Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

Nowadays homoeopathy is becoming

increasingly popular, as patients and doctors seek to treat the whole person rather than just the disease. Based on the principle that "like cures like", or what a substance can cause in a healthy person it can also cure in a sick person manifesting similar symptoms, homoeopathy was tried and tested over a lifetime by Dr Hahnemann.

Hahnemann, who died in 1843, enjoyed an international reputation as physician, scholar and chemist. Trained in the barbarous methods of his day, he gave up practising medicine as he could not bring himself to prescribe the existing concoctions which often killed rather than cured. He kept himself and his family by translating medical texts. While translating William Cullen's *Materia Medica* he found himself in disagreement with the author on his explanation of the action of quinine, the recently introduced treatment for malaria. Testing the drug on himself he discovered that it produced symptoms



similar to those of malaria—the very illness for which it was the cure.

He wondered whether this was true of other substances and he tested medicine after medicine on himself and others, repeatedly finding the law of similars to be true. Hahnemann and his followers

noted down all the symptoms, both physical and mental, that each substance could produce in healthy human volunteers, and the same method of "proving" continues today. Animal testing is not used. Hahnemann adopted the phrase "*Similia similibus curentur*" (Let like be treated by like), which is the fundamental principle on which the whole science of homoeopathy is based.

At first Hahnemann treated patients according to this law, using material doses of the chosen substance, but he found that they provoked an initial severe aggravation of the symptoms, although the ultimate results were good. He began to dilute the medicines in an orderly fashion with succussion, or violent shaking, at each stage, only to find that this enhanced their medicinal power. Infinitesimally attenuated, any poisonous properties of the drug were lost and a subtle healing energy was released. Hahnemann called these dilutions "potencies", and potentisation was his second great discovery. Homoeopathic medicines are registered under the Medicines Act 1968 and can be prescribed on National Health Service forms. They are safe, gentle, without adverse side-effects and comparatively cheap.

The British Homoeopathic Association is pressing vigorously for more homoeopathy in the NHS, recently sponsoring a homoeopathic clinic at the Sidmouth Victoria Cottage Hospital, whose financing, it is hoped, will be taken over by the local health authority. There are currently five homoeopathic hospitals in the NHS—in Bristol, Glasgow, Liverpool, London and Tunbridge Wells—and all have long waiting lists, notably of sufferers from asthma, rheumatism and arthritis, allergies and skin problems. Dr Peter Fisher, of the Royal London Homoeopathic Hospital, believes that the NHS could save £70 million a year if doctors used homoeopathy. Some of his colleagues think the saving could be more than £200 million.

Many chronic conditions respond well to homoeopathic treatment with the care of a homoeopathic doctor, but simple accidents and ailments can be treated at home. Arnica, for example, is a wonderful remedy for shock and bruising, following an accident such as a fall from a horse when playing polo (as Prince Charles is apt to do). King George VI liked to tell Sir John Weir what medicine he thought he should prescribe for him, and Sir John considered his illustrious patient a very competent self-prescriber. The king successfully used homoeopathic remedies for his seasickness, and became patron of the Royal London Homoeopathic Hospital in 1920, retaining the connection until he died □



Dr Samuel Hahnemann, top. Royal patrons included Princess Mary Adelaide, right, her daughter, Queen Mary, above right, and Queen Mary's sons, above left.



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BELLADONNA
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CALENDULA
Marigold: helps heal ulcers; good for wounds, bruising and haemorrhage.



DULCAMARA
Bitter-sweet: for illnesses aggravated by damp; chills, catarrh, diarrhoea.



EUPHRASIA
Eyebright: used for eye ailments, headaches, hayfever and allergies.



FILTRATION
The process of removing undissolved particles and purifying a medicine.



GINGKO BILOBA
Maidenhair-tree: tinnitus, sensation of impaired vision, urinary complaints.



DR SAMUEL HAHNEMANN
Known as the "father of homoeopathy".



IGNATIA
St Ignatius bean: for grief, bereavement, piles and a lump in the throat.



JUGLANS REGIA
Walnut: useful for skin eruptions, acne, blackheads and itchy scalp.



KALMIA LATIFOLIA
Mountain laurel: good for rheumatism, sciatica, shooting pains; the heart.



LILIUM TIGRINUM
Tiger lily: has an affinity with pelvic organs; congestion of the uterus.



MORTAR AND PESTLE
Method for grinding non-soluble substances for further potentisation.



NAJA-TRIPUDIANS
Cobra: has an affinity for the circulatory system; angina and heart failure.



OPIUM
Poppy: treats delirium tremens, strokes, torpor and delayed shock.



POTENTISATION
The process of dilution and succussion in order to make a potency.



DR HERVEY QUIN
(1799-1879) He was the first man to practise homoeopathy in Britain.



RUTA
Rue: used for bruised bone and bursa, tennis elbow, eyestrain and tendon injuries.



SILIQUA
Flint: needed for bone development; boils, abscesses and cataracts.



TARANTULA
Spider: used for numbness, sepsis and frantic, tormented behaviour.



URTICA
Stinging nettle: alleviates urticaria, gout, cold sores, rheumatic pain.



VISCUM ALBUM
Mistletoe: for petit mal, epilepsy, tinnitus and rheumatic deafness.



WYETHIA
Poison-weed: for hayfever, irritable throat in singers and public speakers.



XANTHOXYLUM
Prickly ash: for menstrual problems, dizzy headaches and rheumatic pain.



YUCCA-FILAMENTOSA
Bear-grass: treats bilious symptoms with painful liver and headaches; jaundice.



ZINGIBER
Ginger: for indigestion, debility of the sexual system; respiratory problems.

ROYAL DUTIES

Engagements opening
ceremonies, parades and
military parades
Charity shows
concerts and
sporting events

Receptions and
garden parties

Lunches

Banquet and
dinners

Meetings, attending
including Privy Council

THE QUEEN	112	13	22	30	11	8
THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH	106	16	30	34	32	29
THE QUEEN MOTHER	52	4	18	8	2	1
THE PRINCE OF WALES	104	15	25	15	25	33
THE PRINCESS OF WALES	143	43	10	19	7	7
THE DUKE OF YORK*	46	9	12	11	13	5
THE PRINCE EDWARD	77	34	13	35	24	21
THE PRINCESS ROYAL	295	45	32	21	48	72
THE PRINCESS MARGARET	51	23	12	3	5	7

* Reduced programme of official engagements due to service as a Royal Naval officer

Audiences given including Queen's Platinum Jubilee	127	94	18	435	36	159	594
Audiences given including Queen's Platinum Jubilee	6	—	—	253	88	391	644
Audiences given including Queen's Platinum Jubilee	4	1	—	90	2	5	95
Audiences given including Queen's Platinum Jubilee	69	3	—	289	40	193	482
Audiences given including Queen's Platinum Jubilee	15	—	—	244	26	145	389
Audiences given including Queen's Platinum Jubilee	2	6	—	104*	9	24	128*
Audiences given including Queen's Platinum Jubilee	—	4	—	208	36	153	361
Audiences given including Queen's Platinum Jubilee	2	—	—	515	56	221	736
Audiences given including Queen's Platinum Jubilee	4	—	—	105	—	—	105

Total official
engagements
in UK

Days spent
on official
overseas tours

Total official
overseas tours

Grand
Total

§ THE § KING'S TROOP

A tiny military unit with uniforms of the 1860s and armed with antique guns pulled by out-of-date transport seems unlikely to inspire confidence in Britain's Army. But such is the panache displayed by the unit that it is often taken to represent today's Army at its best.

The paradox is explained by the qualities of efficiency, hard work, enthusiasm and quick thinking demanded in the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery. Weaponry, target-locating, intelligence-gathering, vehicles and equipment have developed out of all recognition over the decades but the qualities needed in men of action are unchanging.

The three regiments of today's Royal Horse Artillery consist of technicians capable of laying down a barrage with electronically-aided, quick-firing weapons and rapidly deploying to another position to repeat the attack. Despite the regimental title no horse pulls any artillery piece into operational service. The King's Troop is the sole reminder of how things used to be.

Mechanisation came to the Army between the world wars and the horse played only the tiniest of roles in the early 1940s. But after the war King George VI was instrumental in establishing with the Royal Horse Artillery a ceremonial unit equipped with horses and known as the

Impeccable authority for the change of title: the king's alteration.

24th October, 1947,

On the occasion of the Inspection of
The Riding Troop, Royal Horse Artillery
by His Majesty, The King



PHOTOGRAPH BY NILS JORGENSEN/REUT

Dashing on parade with its polished field guns, glittering uniforms, thundering limbers and immaculately matched horses, this unique unit provides a glimpse of how

the Army used to be, writes Stanley Simm Baldwin. Photographs by Nils Jorgensen.



Riding Troop. Its present title was bestowed in 1947 when the king visited the unit at its barracks in St John's Wood, north-west London. After signing the visitors' book, the monarch struck out the word "Riding" and substituted "King's". When the Queen succeeded her father she requested that the title should remain.

Today, with 180 members, including seven officers, it is not technically a troop at all but is well over the size of the next biggest sub-unit in the artillery, a battery. Although very much a part of the Royal Horse Artillery it is proud of its independence. Its 120 horses take a lot of looking after and training for their demanding role in the public eye. Any mistake by the troop would reflect adversely on the Army as a whole.

The horses come to the troop at the age of four, and they are mainly from Ireland. They vary in colour from light bay to black and are accordingly graded by colouring before being put into one of the troop's six sub-sections, lettered A to F. Thus the horses in A are all light bays and those in F are all black, with the rest graded in between. F-graded horses would be on parade for a state funeral. The horses are broken by the troop and most of them serve until the age of 16, though the oldest at present is 19.

When taken on strength the animals are named according to the first letter of the commanding officer's surname. The present CO is Major Charlie Lane and the more recent arrivals include *Loriner* and *Lonnergan*. By tradition the men vote on a likely name but the CO can veto any that he considers unsuitable. Horses are of two main types: ride-and-drive and chargers. The former pull the gun

Before going on parade: a touch of hoof oil is applied, above left.

The St John's Wood barrack square is kept as well groomed as the horses. This is how it's done, above.

limbers (the detachable front of the gun carriage); the chargers are ridden by the officers, each of whom has two.

The troop's dress uniform is probably the most dashing in the whole of the Army, but there is a price to be paid for a perfect turnout which can be attended to only after the horses have been taken care of up to the best standards. Reveille is at 5.30am (5am during the three weeks of the Royal Tournament) and there is a lot of work in and out of the stables. In the days of national service harrowing tales were told of soldiers preparing for guard duty who were so keen to preserve the perfection of their well-pressed uniforms and glittering boots that they were wheeled out to the barrack square on low trolleys. As Household troops they are expected to set the highest standard.

The privilege of firing royal salutes is shared between the troop and the Honourable Artillery Company. The troop fires mainly from Hyde Park or Green Park and sometimes from

Windsor; the HAC fires from the Tower.

Competition to join the troop is keen, though 60 per cent of recruits have never been astride a horse before joining. Everyone in it must learn to ride even though his eventual job is unhorsed. The soldiers are divided into two types: staff employed—farriers, saddlers, clerks, cooks, motor drivers, tailors and storemen and horsemen—limber gunners or stablemen. Horsemen comprise two thirds of the unit. Riders are encouraged to take part in public competitions and the troop has won many trophies. It has also produced Olympic gold medallists.

In time of emergency members of the troop would deploy immediately as two infantry companies in defence of security posts in the capital, but if the emergency developed into war, they would go as individuals to various artillery units. Although the horses have no war role the men are very much modern gunners; in the winter they spend two weeks firing at the School of Artillery in Larkhill, Wiltshire. The officers are forward observers.

Most soldiers are proud of their units but the King's Troop can be forgiven if they swank a bit about theirs. Their soldiering is for the most part done not on some anonymous training area but in full view of the public. The troop appears each year in the Royal Tournament, which is the armed services' annual account to the nation of their skills.

The troop also guards the royal residences for three or four weeks every year. Its public events programme this year has included displays in Munich, Windsor, Congleton in Cheshire, Kempton races, and the Royal Tournament at Earls Court. It will be showing its skills next in Belgium and the Netherlands and





PHOTOGRAPHS BY NILS JØRGENSEN/REX

The custom of firing royal salutes is so ancient that it is impossible to cite an authoritative starting date. It seems to have been established in the 14th century, probably originating, like the hand salute, as a way of showing the person encountered that the saluter had no hostile intent. The hand salute, with its open palm, showed that no weapon was held. The gun salute demonstrated that the ordnance piece had been fired and therefore (in those far-off days) would need a lot of preparation before the next shot.

Today a royal salute consists of 21 "guns", that is shots, but there are some complications. Britain's oldest military unit, the Honourable Artillery Company, has documentary evidence that in the 18th century its court (governing body) commanded a 21-gun salute to be fired as each of its six regiments of train-bands (the forebears of today's Territorials) marched on to the Artillery Ground, its training area on the edge of the City.

Early in the next century royal salutes were being fired on

"triumph days" though the number of shots varied from seven to 21. An order of the Board of Ordnance in 1827 noted that 41 was the official number for salutes fired from St James's Park. Because of different practices in outposts of the Empire, and indeed between the Royal Navy and the Army, a committee made recommendations to rationalise the practice. So in 1831 the Board of Ordnance decreed 21 as the correct number for all saluting stations, except the Tower of London and St James's Park

where the number was 41. By 1923 the St James's Park station had been discontinued: salutes were fired from Hyde Park.

The general rule throughout the Commonwealth today is 21 guns for a royal salute. The exceptions are Hyde Park and Green Park, where the number is 41 (consisting of 21 for the royal salute and 20 in recognition of the capital) and the Tower, where the number is 62 (consisting of 21 for the royal salute, 20 for royal residence, and 21 in recognition of the City of London).

at the Horse of the Year Show at Wembley in October. The troop's musical drive is world famous and consists of a series of figure-of-eight movements by the horses pulling limbers and guns, culminating in a charge in which half of the display team gallop at the other half, missing each other by inches.

In London the troop's highest profile comes from the firing of royal salutes. In these, six guns, 71 horses, and their riders in high-Victorian uniforms, dash into Hyde Park and form up in line abreast. They gallop to the gun stations, emplace the guns, fire 41 rounds, rehook the guns to the limbers and clatter back to the headquarters in St John's Wood. It is a

brave sight, perhaps the most colourful in London. For the military historian it is a glimpse of how war used to be.

Royal salutes are fired on occasions that include the birthdays of the sovereign and her consort and of the Queen Mother, the anniversaries of the accession and the coronation, the state opening of Parliament and some official visits by foreign heads of state.

In a Britain that is rapidly turning Sunday into just another day, royal salutes are among the few activities that respect the sabbath; its peace will not be disturbed by celebratory gunfire. Instead, the royal anniversary is marked by the guns on the following Monday.

The exception is the two-gun salute fired on Horse Guards Parade on Remembrance Sunday: one shot starts the two-minute silence, a second round ends it.

A gun team consists of horses, a limber and the gun. The team is 54 feet long and its traction comes from six powerful animals. The limber and gun weigh 1½ tons and there are no brakes. Imagine such a team negotiating its way through London's traffic. Quick thinking and coolness under stress are as much in demand today as when the Royal Horse Artillery made its way along the Menin road in the 1914 war or along the tracks to the front in the colonial campaigns that marked the reign of Queen Victoria □



HE WHO PAINTS THE KING

For many years painters have provided the official image, handed down to future generations, of our kings and queens. In the course of their work they could ignore court etiquette and thus come closer to their monarchs than almost anyone else, establishing

an intimacy that was not always advantageous, as Edward Lucie-Smith explains.

Monarchs have commonly valued painters more highly than writers—more highly even than architects and musicians. The reason is fairly easy to explain. The gifted painter provides something which nobody else can: the official image of royalty. It is through him that monarchy presents itself to the world. And there is more to it than this. Painters were almost the only people allowed to ignore the rigid constrictions of court etiquette. In the course of their work they spent long hours alone, or almost alone, with the kings and queens they painted, and were often, as a result, on extremely close terms with them.

One of the most famous stories about an artist and a king concerns Diego Velázquez and Philip IV of Spain. It is told by the Spanish historian Antonio Palomino. Over the course of years Velázquez had become more and more the king's intimate, and had been rewarded with a number of important

court offices. This was resented by some of the hotter-headed Spanish aristocrats, who considered such offices to be their own prerogative. One young sprig had a falling out with Velázquez about some matter of court etiquette, and returned home, rather proud of himself, to tell his father that he had given the upstart a piece of his mind. The response was not what he expected. "Have you quarrelled with a man whom the King holds in high regard and who spends whole hours in conversation with His Majesty? Go, and unless you give him complete satisfaction and regain his friendship, you need not return to my presence."

In his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, published in 1780, Horace Walpole tells a somewhat similar story about Hans Holbein. Busily at work, the painter refused to admit an importunate noble lord to his studio, and when the aristocrat persisted, threw him downstairs. The aggrieved party went to complain to the monarch, Henry VIII, and was given a frosty reception: "I tell you Earl, that if it pleased me to make seven dukes of seven peasants, I could do so, but I could not make of seven earls one Hans Holbein, or anyone as eminent as he."

The Tudors, however, were insistent on getting what they wanted from their artists, none more so than Henry's formidable daughter Elizabeth. The miniaturist Nicholas Hilliard gave an account of his first encounter with her. "This makes me to remember," he wrote, in his *Treatise on Limning*, "the words and reasoning of Her Majesty when first I came into Her Highness' presence to draw; who after showing me that she noted great difference of shadowing in the works, and the diversity of drawers of

sundry nations, and that the Italians, who had the name of the cunningest and drew best, shadowed not, required of me the reason of it, seeing that best to show oneself needeth no shadow of place but rather the open light. The which I granted . . ." In other words, no new-fangled chiaroscuro for her: she wanted a clearly delineated image which could be instantly recognised. As the years went by, and Elizabeth aged, the likeness became more and more mask-like as Hilliard loyally followed the rules she had laid down for him.

Relationships between the monarchs of the House of Stuart and their chosen artists were a good deal more informal. In the years immediately before the Civil War the dominant personality was the Flemish painter Anthony Van Dyck. Van Dyck, knighted by Charles I, lived in great style, and seems to have been valued almost as much for his personal charm as for the undoubted elegance of his portraits.

The 18th-century French anecdotalist Jean-Baptiste Descamps has this story to tell about Van Dyck's relationship with the king. "Charles I took great pleasure in talking with this artist. One day, as he was making the king's portrait, the latter complained in a low voice to the Duke of Norfolk about the state of his finances. Noting that Van Dyck had overheard this, the king asked him, laughing: 'And you, Chevalier, do you know what it is to lack 6,000 guineas?' The painter replied: 'Yes, sire—an artist who keeps open house for all his friends, and opens his purse to his mistresses, all too often experiences the problem of empty coffers.'" He could be equally bold with Charles's queen, Henrietta Maria: "She

King Henry VIII by Hans Holbein: an enduring view of the Tudor monarch.

**"I COULD MAKE
SEVEN DUKES
OF SEVEN PEASANTS
BUT NOT, OF
SEVEN EARLS, ONE
HANS HOLBEIN."**

Three Heads of Charles I by
Van Dyck, favourite
of the early Stuart kings.

“SIRE, AN ARTIST
WHO KEEPS
OPEN HOUSE FOR
HIS FRIENDS
EXPERIENCES THE
PROBLEM OF
EMPTY COFFERS.”

had very beautiful hands. Van Dyck excelled in portraying these extremities. Noting that he had paused for a long time, the princess coyly asked him why he took more trouble with her hands than with her head. ‘Ah, madame,’ he said, ‘it is that I expect from those hands a reward worthy of their owner.’”

Charles I’s son and successor, Charles II, possessed more finely honed political instincts than his father, but a less sophisticated feeling for art. His court painter was another Fleming, Peter Lely, about whom Charles complained, with some truth, that he made all the beauties of the day look exactly like one another. The king’s reaction to a likeness by a young English artist, John Riley (1646-91), was blunt in the extreme. Once again it is Horace Walpole who tells the story: “Charles sat to him, but almost discouraged the young artist from pursuing a profession so proper for him. Looking at the picture he cried: ‘Is this like me? Then od’s fish I am an ugly fellow.’ This discouraged Riley so much that he could not bear the picture, though he sold it for a large price.”

After this, the close connection between the monarchy and art seems to have slept for a while, until it was revived by George III and his German wife, Charlotte, a princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz who was renowned for her lack of looks. George III’s favourite painter was not Joshua Reynolds, nor Thomas Gainsborough, but the Scotman Allan Ramsay, to whom the monarch was introduced by his Scottish prime minister, Lord Bute. The king was so attached to Ramsay and his work that he refused to sit for other artists, saying “Ramsay is my painter.”

There was very nearly a diplomatic incident when Catherine the Great of Russia asked for portraits of the king and queen, but made it clear that she expected them to be done by Reynolds.

Like other court painters before him,



Ramsay was on terms of extraordinary intimacy with the king. When he was making a royal portrait, he was often asked to take his easel and canvas into the dining-room, so that his royal sitter could criticise what was being done and have the pleasure of Ramsay's conversation while he ate. We are told that on these occasions the artist would speak "freely and without disguise" of European affairs. When the king had finished his usual allowance of boiled mutton and turnips, he would rise and say, "Now, Ramsay, sit down in my place and take your dinner."

George III was also an enthusiastic patron of the American artist Benjamin West, famous not so much for portraits as for historical subjects. On one occasion the king commissioned a series of paintings on scriptural themes, and when West brought the preliminary sketches, he was disconcerted to find himself confronted by a roomful of bishops, especially summoned for the occasion. As James Northcote relates: "The King, who was very punctual, soon came into the room in his usual hurried manner. He commanded West to explain to the bishops his intentions in those sketches, and his various reasons for them — a thing that West was mighty capable of doing, for he was fond of talking. The King kept smiling whilst the painter was speaking, and at the conclusion said, with an air of triumph, 'You see how well *her* understands these things, for whilst you bishops have been spending your time amongst heathen fables, he has been studying his Bible!'"

Queen Charlotte, in addition to being the rediscoverer of the famous series of Holbein portrait drawings now held at Windsor Castle, had excellent taste in contemporary art. She was painted by John Zoffany, seated at her dressing-table with her two eldest sons playing around her, and by Gainsborough. In order to finish this full-length portrait in time for exhibition at the Royal

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSEUM

*Windsor Castle in Modern
Times* by the animal
painter Edwin Landseer.

QUEEN VICTORIA
FOUND THIS
PAINTING OF HER
AND PRINCE
ALBERT "VERY
CHEERFUL
AND PLEASING".





PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY

*Queen Charlotte, painted in
1789 by the rising
young star Thomas Lawrence.*

**“THE DETACHMENT OF A WOMAN
WHOM TRAUMA HAD
STRIPPED OF ALL DEFENCE.”**



*Queen Elizabeth I, a
miniature painting
by Nicholas Hilliard.*

**“THE BEST PORTRAITS NEED
“NO SHADOW OF PLACE,
RATHER THE OPEN LIGHT”.**

Academy, Gainsborough and his nephew Gainsborough Dupont are said to have painted the draperies in the course of a single night.

Later, shortly after the king had recovered from his first attack of madness, the queen was persuaded to sit for a rising star, the young Thomas Lawrence, but this venture was not a success. The picture became a source of friction between the queen and her husband (who might have recovered his sanity but who was famously averse to all innovations). The reason was that she was depicted without a head-covering and, as George pointed out, she “had never been so seen”. Eventually the queen’s confidante, Mrs Papendiek, wearing her mistress’s bracelets, brooch and scarf, took over the posing sessions. The painting, rejected by the king, is now in the National Gallery. A modern biographer of Queen Charlotte, Olwen Hedley, remarks on its air of truthfulness. Lawrence, she says, has “captured the detachment of a woman whom trauma had stripped of all defence”.

Despite this set-back Lawrence was to become the most fashionable portraitist

of the Regency and the next reign. He did, however, manage to offend George IV on at least one occasion. The story comes from one of the early biographies of J.M.W. Turner: “Lawrence had brought his portfolio for royal inspection, and among the drawings was one of Napoleon’s son, the young Duc de Reichstadt... ‘Lawrence,’ said the king, ‘I must have this.’ Lawrence bowed low in acquiescence. ‘If your Majesty will permit me, as it is not quite finished, I will return with it in the morning.’ The fact was that Lawrence had no inclination to part with it and, on getting home, began a copy. This he carried to the king the next day. ‘It is not the same,’ said the king in a passion; and setting his nails into it as if he had been a cat, drew them deeply across the face.”

Despite various recent attempts to revive them—Augustus John’s portrait of the Queen Mother, Pietro Annigoni’s two likenesses of the present Queen—the great days of royal patronage, and of royal intimacy with painters, seem to have ended with Queen Victoria. When she had just ascended the throne, her own choice as royal portraitist was the

celebrated animal painter Edwin Landseer, who was already on good terms with the aristocracy and a particular pet of the Duchess of Bedford. At the beginning of the reign Landseer began an ambitious Van Dyckian portrait of the queen on horseback, which he never managed to complete. Later, in addition to doing various likenesses of the queen’s pets, he was the author of a memorably bizarre image of the Queen and the Prince Consort in the Green Drawing Room at Windsor Castle. Victoria is attired in evening dress, while the prince is dressed like a huntsman from some romantic opera, such as Weber’s *Der Freischütz*. Beside them on a footstool and on the carpet lie various dead birds the prince may be presumed to have shot. It took the queen five years to get the picture out of the artist, but luckily she was pleased when she received the finished result, describing it in her journal as “altogether very cheerful and pleasing”. These are hardly the precise adjectives one would reach for today, but at least the picture has a distinctly personal touch, missing from the best-known likenesses of our present monarch □

THE REAL KING ARTHUR?



N.C. WYETH 1927/MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY

Arthur receives the magical Excalibur from the mysterious Lady of the Lake, right. The legend's basis may have arisen from the ancient Celtic practice of throwing swords into sacred lakes and pools as offerings to water deities. A sword was found in Berth Pool, in Shropshire, left, the remains of the swampland that once encircled a sixth-century royal burial site and the possible resting-place of a historically identified King Arthur.

The legends of King Arthur and his sword Excalibur and the Knights of the Round Table have been elaborated over many centuries. Graham Phillips and Martin Keatman here separate the fact from the myth to identify the true warrior king.

Despite all the energy that has been expended in the search for King Arthur, he has continued to evade historical detection for 1,500 years. His traditional place of birth, Tintagel Castle, in Cornwall, was built in the 1100s, many centuries after the Dark Ages during which Arthur is believed to have lived. Extensive excavations at Cadbury hill-fort, in Somerset, the legendary site of Camelot, failed to uncover evidence for Arthur's existence, and the 12th-century discovery of Arthur's "grave" by the monks of Glastonbury Abbey, 12 miles north-west of Cadbury, has been discredited as a medieval hoax. Although lacking sufficient evidence to tie him to a particular location, many historians

accept that a warrior called Arthur actually existed during the late fifth or early sixth centuries.

The clues to Arthur's true identity do exist, but they are scattered throughout a number of historical manuscripts and their combined significance has long been overlooked. Moreover, until recently the archaeological evidence for what may well have been Arthur's capital city remained hidden beneath the earth.

Although the earliest story of King Arthur's life was written around 1135, by the Welsh cleric Geoffrey of Monmouth, the British Library contains a historical document, the *Historia Brittonum* ("History of the Britons"), written well before Geoffrey's time, which briefly mentions Arthur and lends credence to the case for his historical existence. Other than his inclusion in two early British poems, this is the only surviving reference to Arthur made before the 10th century.

Attributed to the Welsh monk Nennius, the *Historia Brittonum* was compiled around AD830 and provides two historical references enabling a dating of the Arthurian period. Nennius says that following the death of the Saxon king Hengist, Arthur was the British leader who fought a successful campaign against the invading Anglo-Saxons from northern Germany, culminating with the battle of Badon, which probably took place near the city of Bath. The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, compiled between 871 and 899 for Alfred the Great, records the death of King Hengist in 488, and the Venerable Bede, writing around 730, dates the battle of Badon to 493.

This was not the Middle Ages, the time of jousting, chivalry and knights in armour—the period in which the Arthurian Romances are set—but an earlier, more turbulent era following the Roman withdrawal in 410, when central administration collapsed and Britain had fragmented into warring tribal kingdoms. If Arthur lived in the late fifth century, he would have been a warrior who resembled more closely the popular image of a Viking than a knight in shining armour. Living conditions would have been far removed from the huge Gothic castles of the High Middle Ages. Even a chieftain would have lived in little more than a single-roomed hall with wattle-and-daub walls and a thatched roof. And defences would not have been stone walls, battlements and draw-bridged moats, but timber stockades, earthen banks and water-filled ditches.

The major obstacle facing historians when attempting to identify Arthur is that few written records have survived from the fifth century. The problem is compounded by the mystery surround-



MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY

ing the location of Arthur's seat of government. Neither Nennius nor the early Romancers tell us where it was. The name for Arthur's city, Camelot, appears to have been an invention of the 12th-century French poet Chrétien de Troyes, who made Arthur a fashionable subject of romantic literature.

To discover the real King Arthur we must forget the medieval legends, which located him at various sites throughout southern England. Instead, we should consider the most historically feasible origins of a warrior who was sufficiently powerful to defeat the Anglo-Saxons at a time when Britain was divided into feuding kingdoms.

One of the few surviving historical narratives written in Britain within

living memory of the battle of Badon is the *De Excidio et Conquestu Britanniae* ("On the Ruin and Conquest of Britain") by the British monk Gildas. Writing around 545 Gildas does not mention Arthur, although he does refer to the decisive British victory at Badon without naming a leader. From Gildas we learn that the most powerful kingdom of his day was Gwynedd, in north-west Wales, and as such it is a strong contender for the homeland of the warrior that Nennius calls Arthur.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, in calling Arthur's father Uther Pendragon, also implies that Gwynedd was Arthur's kingdom of origin. From the Welsh, the word *uthr* means "terrible", and "Pendragon" means "head dragon". Uther



Pendragon must, therefore, have originally been a title, the "Terrible Head Dragon". The symbol of the red dragon, which today adorns the national flag of Wales, was originally the tribal emblem of the kingdom of Gwynedd. Hence in Dark Age Welsh poetry the kings of Gwynedd are often referred to as the "dragons of Britain", or the "head dragons". If Arthur really was the son of someone called Uther Pendragon, who lived in the late fifth century, then he would have been a prince of Gwynedd.

According to the *Historia Brittonum* the kings of Gwynedd descended from Cunedda, a warrior from Gododdin, the kingdom of the Votadini tribe in south-east Scotland, who was invited by the people of Gwynedd to protect them from

*Opposite, Arthur in a picture by Russell Flint from a 1911 edition of *Le Morte Darthur* (1470) by Thomas Malory, the first prose account in English of the Arthurian legends, which Caxton printed in 1485. It became the first published and widely circulated version based on earlier stories.*
Above, a 14th-century Breton miniature showing Arthur's Round Table. It is first mentioned in an 1155 verse work in French by the Jersey poet Wace.

Irish raids around 460. Within a few years the Votadini took control of Gwynedd, and the Cunedda family became its kings. The colonisation of north-west Wales by warriors from Gododdin in the 460s has been verified by archaeology, as

Votadini pottery has been discovered in Gwynedd dating from the second half of the fifth century. Additionally, the identifying family affix *Cun* (or in Welsh *Cyn*) of the Cunedda family is found both on tombstones and in the genealogies of Gwynedd.

Further evidence that Arthur was Votadini derives from what may be the oldest of all Arthurian references, an ancient poem called the *Gododdin* (now in the Public Library of Cardiff) which is generally accepted to have been composed in the early seventh century. In one passage the poet praises the courage of a hero, saying that although he fought bravely "he was no Arthur". The fact that Arthur should be so esteemed in a Votadini war poem strongly suggests





that he had been a member of their tribe. But if Arthur was a prince of Gwynedd, why is his name not recorded in the royal family trees compiled during the Dark Ages? Like Uther, the name Arthur seems to have been a by-name or title. The word *Arth* in the old British language Brythonic (and still preserved in the modern Welsh) means Bear. It was common practice for Celtic warlords to assume the battle-name of an animal, and many examples are recorded from Ireland and Gaul, as well as Britain, of various warlords assuming such epithets as the Wolf, the Hound and the Horse. As the name Arthur does not appear anywhere on record earlier than the sixth century, King Arthur seems to have been the first person to have held that name, further implying that it was originally a title.

If Arthur means Bear, then Gildas may indeed mention him. During a

Opposite, Gustav Doré's vision of Camelot for an 1868 edition of Tennyson's cycle of Arthurian poems, Idylls of the King.

The 12th-century writer Chrétien de Troyes named Arthur's court "Camelot" and introduced medieval notions of chivalry and courtly romance into existing stories. Top, the Berth, near Baschurch, in Shropshire, a sixth-century burial site of the once mighty kings of Powys.

Above left, the ruins of Viroconium, the Dark Age capital of Powys; above right, an artist's impression of the city during the heyday of its wealth and power in the fifth century and which perhaps can be called the real "Camelot".

tirade against Cunedda's great-grandson, Cuneglasus, Gildas calls him the "charioteer of the Bear's stronghold". As Cuneglasus was a king in his own right by the time Gildas was writing (about 545), the passage implies he was in command

of what had once been the stronghold of the Bear. So Cuneglasus's kingdom may have been Arthur's stronghold.

Cuneglasus was king of Powys during the first half of the sixth century, a kingdom which adjoined Gwynedd and covered central Wales and much of what is now the West Midlands. The idea of Arthur ruling in Powys before Cuneglasus does not contradict the theory that Arthur was the son of a Gwynedd king, as the Votadini had extended their influence into this adjacent kingdom by the end of the fifth century. Just outside the village of Wroxeter, in Shropshire, stand the impressive ruins of Viroconium, the fifth-century capital of Powys. Here, in 1967, an inscribed stone was discovered commemorating a King Cunorix, his name bearing the affix *Cun* of the Cunedda family. Having been dated to around 480, the stone shows that the Votadini were ruling Powys by Arthur's time.



Viroconium was not only the capital of Powys, it also seems to have been the wealthiest and most powerful city in fifth-century Britain. Recent archaeological excavations have shown that during the third decade of the fifth century, while throughout the rest of Britain civilisation was collapsing following the end of Roman rule, Viroconium was completely rebuilt in a highly sophisticated fashion. The nerve centre of this new city was a massive winged mansion, which appears to have been the palace of a succession of important post-Roman chieftains, and was possibly the last classical building to be erected in Britain for a further 1,000 years. At a time when other kingdoms were abandoning Roman cities in favour of the more defensible hill-forts, this unique accomplishment required considerable wealth and strong leadership. As Viroconium was not abandoned until the early sixth century, it was certainly the capital of Powys during the period of the historical King Arthur.

So who was the Bear? If Cunorix died around 480, he may have been his successor. The Bear must have been the predecessor not only of Cuneglasus but also of Cuneglasus's cousin, Maglocunus, the king of Gwynedd. From the evidence of Gildas, together with a genealogy in the 10th-century *Welsh Annals* in the British Library, we know that both kings succeeded Cuneglasus's father, who seems to have ruled from about 480 to 520. The fact that Maglocunus and Cuneglasus both succeeded him means that he jointly ruled the two most powerful kingdoms of the period, Gwynedd and Powys, which divided after his death. Furthermore, the archaeological evidence shows that Viroconium was abandoned for a more defensible site around 520, indicating that a power struggle between the two kingdoms occurred when Cuneglasus's father died, as the city was under no threat from the Anglo-Saxons for decades to come. This king therefore not only ruled during the Arthurian period, but also seems to have been Britain's most powerful leader.

By good fortune the name of this Dark Age warlord is preserved in the genealogies of the *Welsh Annals* compiled about 955. His name was Owain Ddantgwyn and he was the son of the Gwynedd king Enniaun Girt.

No other historical figure so closely matches the profile of the legendary King Arthur. Owain Ddantgwyn was ruling in the last decade of the fifth century, precisely the period in which the *Historia Brittonum* locates "Arthur". As king of both Gwynedd and Powys he was the most powerful ruler in Britain at the time of the battle of Badon, where the



MANSSELL COLLECTION

A 1514 French woodcut of Arthur (above) in combat. France's links with the myths include stories of Joseph of Arimathea arriving in Brittany from Palestine with the Holy Grail, the chalice used by Christ at the Last Supper, where the cup was lost. In the 1190s Burgundian poet Robert de Boron named a cup in earlier tales as Christ's chalice while stories of the 13th century introduced the quest for the Grail by Arthur's knights.

British were led to victory by "Arthur". Owain was also the son of a Gwynedd king, who were known as the "head dragons". "Uther Pendragon", meaning "terrible head dragon", was the father of "Arthur". Owain was succeeded by his son Cuneglasus, and Cuneglasus's predecessor seems to have been called the Bear. Bear is almost certainly the origin of the name "Arthur".

Moreover, Owain Ddantgwyn may well have died at a site with the same name as the place where a last battle was fought by "Arthur". According to Geoffrey of Monmouth, Arthur was mortally wounded at the battle of Camlann, while attempting to quash a revolt led by his nephew. Although the nephew is called Modred, the legend may have sprung from the historical Maglocunus (Owain Ddantgwyn's nephew) who, according to Gildas, acquired his kingdom by overthrowing his uncle in battle. Since Gwynedd and Powys formed a united kingdom before the accession of Maglocunus, the border land between the two kingdoms is the logical site for a battle in which Maglocunus severed his kingdom of Gwynedd from the kingdom of Powys.

A bleak and remote valley about 5

miles to the east of Dolgellau in central-west Wales is actually called Camlan, although it is spelt with a single "n". It is surely beyond coincidence that the only location in Great Britain ever known to have been called Camlan is precisely and strategically situated in the border area of the kingdoms of Gwynedd and Powys as they existed in the early sixth century.

Confirmatory evidence that Arthur was a king of Powys can be found in a collection of ninth-century Welsh poems, the *Canu Llywarch Hen* ("Song of Llywarch the Old"). Now preserved in Oxford's Bodleian Library, the cycle of poems provides a historically accurate portrayal of the defeat of Powys by the Anglo-Saxons during the 650s. The Powys king in the *Canu Llywarch Hen* is Cynddylan, a historical figure who was directly descended from Owain Ddantgwyn. In one of the poems Cynddylan and his family are actually described as "heirs of great Arthur", demonstrating that around the year 850, when the poem was written, the kings of Powys were still considered to be the direct descendants of Arthur himself.

Other than the *Gododdin* and the *Historia Brittonum*, the *Canu Llywarch Hen* may contain the oldest reference to Arthur still in existence. It is certainly the earliest surviving reference to suggest an actual location for Arthur's kingdom; written three centuries before speculation regarding any alternative location, such as Glastonbury or Tintagel, is known to have been made. The *Canu Llywarch Hen* also names the burial site of the ruling dynasty of Powys. One of the poems, the *Canu Heledd* ("Song of Heledd"), relates how, after a final battle, the body of Cynddylan was buried at the "Churches of Bassa". Since Owain Ddantgwyn was of the same ruling dynasty as Cynddylan, it is quite possible that the "Churches of Bassa" was also his burial site.

The "Churches of Bassa" is today called Baschurch, a village some 9 miles to the north-west of Shrewsbury. In secluded countryside on the edge of the village is the Berth, an ancient fortified hillock surrounded by marshland and linked to the mainland by a gravel causeway. The Berth was certainly in use during the sixth century, since limited archaeological excavations in 1962-63 uncovered fragments of pottery dating from the period. However, most of the Berth, including the grassy mounds lying within the ramparts, has not been excavated, and one of the mounds may still contain the remains of Owain Ddantgwyn, the historical King Arthur.

□ *King Arthur: The True Story*, by Graham Phillips and Martin Keatman, is published by Century, price £15.99.

WHAT YE PAPERS SAYE

Many must have been the sighs in SW1 and Windsor these past months for a return to the royal reporting of earlier times. A longing for just a flash of an axe would be entirely understandable amid the spate and prattle of sources confident that their necks were not on the block, nor ever likely to be.

It now seems, though, that not even the great Henry VIII had quite such a subservient press as has previously been believed. After an extraordinary discovery in Budleigh Salterton, a local auctioneer, Mr Frank Rummage, has come across a Tudor tallboy in such pristine condition that the drawers were still lined with newspapers of the period.

The existence of these periodicals—*The Sundry Times*, *Tudor Nowwe!* and *Ye Olde Tabloide*—had been completely unsuspected, and explosive reading they make. Take, for example, the front page of *The Sundry Times* of June 13, 1525, found in the doublet and hose drawer. Under the banner headline, “All Uppe for Lady Katie?”, there appears this: “Rumours reaching the back barre of Ye Ratte and Reptile last night confirmed that the marriage of our great, good, bluff King Hal and his sweet if Spanish Queen Catherine is on ye olde rockes.

“Apparentlie, Hal is outte all nighte dancing and dining and going as farre as Wembleyye to watch minstrele bandes, particularly his favouritte, the ever-popular Greg Sleeves. The Lady Katie, who is six years older, prefers to sit at home in weighty conversation on divers deep matters with learned friendes, or to walke in her garden encouraging her flowers to growwe.

“To be perfectly ffranke, squire,

Charles Nevin reports on the shocking revelations of some newly-discovered Tudor tabloids.

said a royal insider, ‘the marriage is nothing but an emptie shamme. Marke my wordes, if a girl with black hair and six fingers on one hand were to showwe uppe, it woulde be all over, oh, yes.’ It seemes that Henry is talking to so many people aboute his dissatisfaction that the wholle thingge is nowwe knownne as The King’s Great Natter.”

Unfortunately, other pages for the next few years contain mostly cookery tips, archery columns and advertisements for spelling tuition. There is, though, the occasional tantalising cross-reference, such as “Pope Catholic: We’re Not. See Page XI” from *Tudor Nowwe!*; “Cardinal Error Snuffles It! P. VI” from *Ye Olde Tabloide*; and “Thomas No More! Latest Axeings, P. IX”, once again from *Ye Olde Tabloide*.

A lively paper, the *Tabloide*, and in splendid form on May 19, 1536, with “Five Thingges Ye Didn’t Knowwe abouthe Anne Boleyn: i) She is a witty, vivacious woman. ii) Her hair is so long she can sit on it. iii) She is rather fondde of two noblemen called Henry Norris and Francis Weston. iv) She is also fondde of a lute player called Smeaton. v) They cutt her head off this morning.”

The *Tabloide* follows this up in the very next drawer with a fetching line-drawing (signed Hans) and a story headed “See

More Seymour in *Ye Tabloide*”: “Shy, young Jane Seymour, 25, all the way from Savernake Forest, opened her heart to *Ye Tabloide* last nightte and confidde that crustic old King Hal was ‘a cuddlie bearre, honestlie, when you get to knowwe himme. He’s got this awfulle reputation, but he’s brillante, reallie. He can be grumpie, but he has a lotte on his minde and a clotte on his legge.’”

More gaps, then, I’m afraid, until the “Win Thine Own Monastery” competition in *The Sundry Times* of January 2, 1540. Entrants had to answer “juste two simple questionnes: 1) Have ye scene Anne of Cleves? 2) So how longge doth YE givve Thomas Cromwell?”

The lining of the sock drawer, page III of *Tudor Nowwe!*, March 27, 1540, is equally breezy: “This is Catherine Howard, 22. With her auburn hair and hazel eyes, game Katie, pictured after tennis at Hamptonne Courte, is a matche well worthe making a sette at. And we know somebody who would like to net her—big fella, beard, already been up the aisle a fewwe times, can be a bit of a pain in the neck—so don’t lose your head, Katie!” Robust times indeed.

The last page was on the codpiece shelf, from the *Tabloide*, dated July 12, 1543, the day Henry married Catherine Parr. The main story is about “the gutsy little Lancashire widow who wonne her King”. One item at the foot of the page reads, “Latest betting: Sir William de Ladbroke gives 6-4 divorce, 7-2 ye choppe”; another asks: “Girls, Would Ye Riske It? Vote Yea or Hey nonny no with thine pigeonne nowwe!” Next to them, though, is the most intriguing teaser of all: “Elsewhere in ye soarawaye royalle *Tabloide*, Those Seven Brides in Fulle.” □





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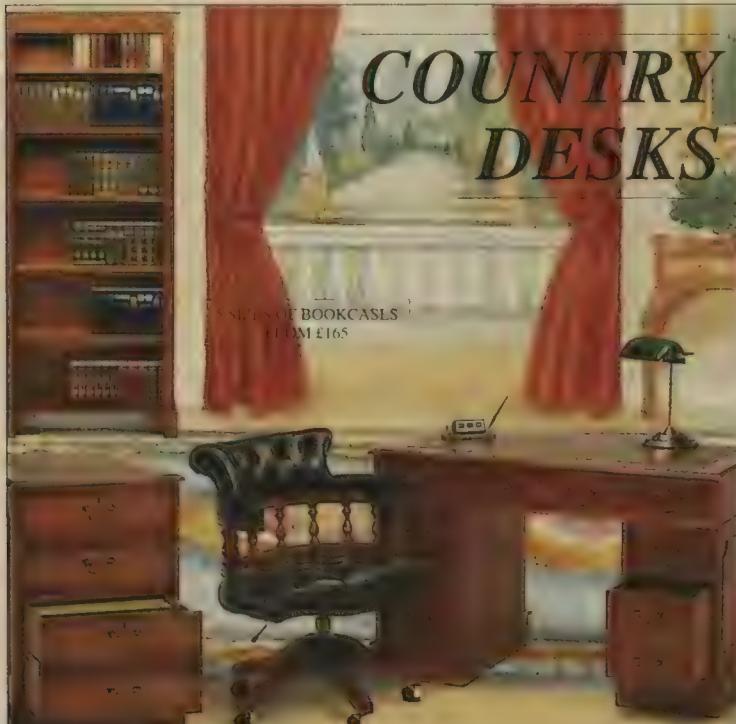
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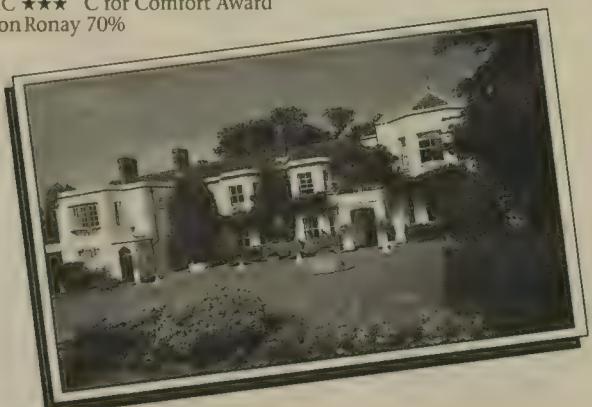


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ILN TOUR OF CUBA

FEBRUARY 15-MARCH 1, 1993



The 17th-century Havana Cathedral.



Castillo del Morro, Santiago de Cuba.

Following the collapse of Communism and the drying up of financial support from Soviet Russia a rare opportunity has now arisen to explore the compelling and starkly beautiful Caribbean island of Cuba. Its extraordinary history, resilience to change and relative isolation have intrigued and inspired travellers for generations, and we are pleased to be able to offer readers the opportunity early next year of visiting Cuba, which Columbus declared, on landing there in 1492, to be "the most beautiful land ever seen".

The *ILN* tour will give readers a chance to test Columbus's claim for themselves. Carefully planned for a small group to explore the variety and richness of Cuba's past and its intriguing present (its political head, Fidel Castro, set up a socialist state after the revolution in 1959 and remains in power today), the tour is arranged by travel agency Cox & Kings, which has been operating for more than 200 years, and will be

accompanied by one of its experienced tour guides.

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★ Santiago de Cuba, the island's second-largest and most typically Caribbean city, housing fine museums and officially designated "Hero City" because it was where the Castro revolution started.

★ Baracoa, site of Columbus's landing and one of Cuba's most isolated spots.

★ Trinidad, one of the country's oldest colonial towns, declared a cultural zone by Unesco.

★ Varadero, site of Cuba's most beautiful beaches, calling at the city of Cienfuegos and the botanical gardens *en route*, and providing an opportunity to relax for two days or take optional excursions.

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good tourist class elsewhere; flights to and from Stansted Airport will be with Air Cubana.

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The tour is limited to 25 people. To ensure a place please reserve now by filling in and returning the enclosed form together with a deposit of £150 per person. The balance will be payable by December 15, 1992. Confirmation of your booking will be sent at once, together with a complete itinerary.

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REVIEWS

THEATRE/SHERIDAN MORLEY

THE MISADVENTURES OF COLUMBUS

COLUMBUS AND THE
DISCOVERY OF JAPAN

Barbican Theatre

GRAND HOTEL

Dominion Theatre

H

ooray and hal-llelujah: we have for the first time in almost a decade a major new play on the main stage of the Barbican. Richard Nelson's *Columbus and the Discovery of Japan* for the RSC is not another *Becket* or indeed *Amadeus*, but it is a junior entry in that league. As its title would suggest, it subscribes to the theory of history as a series of misadventures turned lucky. Nelson's *Columbus* is neither the hero of the old history books nor the colonialist villain of modern American political correctness.

Instead, as brilliantly played by Jonathan Hyde, he is a shambling, ineffectual opportunist who takes on a voyage to he knows not where, largely because it will allow him to be called "Admiral of the Ocean Sea" and might guarantee a slight shift in his financial and social fortunes back home. His crew are a motley collection of unemployed fishermen and Jewish evacuees forced out of Spain and in need of a project to hide some cash they are trying to transfer to North Africa.

When, after several weeks becalmed at sea, they arrive off the coast of North America, Columbus himself is still expecting Japan and mainly engaged in trying to deny one of his sailors cash promised him in a bet about who would be the first to spy land. Nelson's interests are in character rather than geography, and his play actually stops at the moment Columbus sets foot on land: nor is it conceived in the epic form that the staging of John Caird, director of *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Les Misérables*, seems to hunger for, as



DONALD COOPER/PHOTOSTACK

Jonathan Hyde as Columbus, a shambling, ineffectual opportunist in Richard Nelson's play at the Barbican.

ship after ship is brought towards the footlights.

But there is something wryly funny in a Columbus constantly on the brink of catastrophe, and around Hyde the performances of Philip Voss as a wandering Jew, Jane Gurnett as the discarded mistress, and Christopher Benjamin as the only sailor who might just recognise wind or landfall from the deck, add up to some splendidly revisionist history for the 500th anniversary of the discovery of the Americas.

In New York, *Grand Hotel*, alongside *City of Angels* and *Will Rogers's Follies*, is the musical generally reckoned to have brought Broadway back to life and self-respect after a decade of European imports. Its triumph is that of the choreographer/director Tommy Tune, who has ensured that after all the through-

sung musicals from London this one should by contrast be through-danced. It seems to me a rare example of a Broadway musical looking rather better at the Dominion than it did along the Great White Way almost three years ago.

Derived from the Vicki Baum bestseller and a famous MGM movie of 1932, which had Greta Garbo as the ballerina wanting to be alone but surrounded by such stars as Joan Crawford and John and Lionel Barrymore, *Grand Hotel* is set in Berlin just before the arrival of the Nazis and is to that extent the immediate forerunner of *Cabaret*.

It also tells a number of different character tales in short-story form, but where *Cabaret* focused on the sleazier world of the night-clubs, *Grand Hotel* is an altogether more cheery, upmarket affair,

emphasising the possibility of life and happiness even in the face of death. Thus the old and ailing book-keeper (wonderfully played here by Barry James) gets to go off with the young Hollywood-bound secretary, and even the drug-addicted doctor agrees to stay in the foyer for just another day, watching to see which other of his guests will survive against all odds.

The ostensible star of the production is Liliane Montevicchi as the ballerina, but the show is always in tune, a choreographer's benefit night. This *Grand Hotel* is about constant movement: it is a revolving-door show of stunning stagecraft, and a hugely important affirmation that there is life yet in the old Broadway musical. What we are celebrating here is the greatest American musical of the decade. □

The play is interested in character rather than geography and it stops at the moment when Columbus steps on land.

CINEMA/GEORGE PERRY LIVING HISTORY

WATERLAND (12)
ALIEN³ (18)
LETHAL WEAPON 3 (15)



So far this year the British cinema has been thin and undistinguished; even Terence Davies's much-acclaimed *The Long Day Closes* is inferior to his earlier *Distant Voices, Still Lives*, which was similar in style but also possessed a dramatic centre. Thankfully, so too does *Waterland*, the film version of Graham Swift's novel, adapted by Peter Prince. It does, in fact, have an American director, Stephen Cylenna, who was responsible for last year's striking southern drama starring Dennis Hopper, *Paris Trout*.

The central character in *Waterland* is Tom Crick, a ruminant history teacher played by Jeremy Irons, who continually reminisces to his class about his childhood and adolescence in the Fens

of East Anglia. His bemused pupils, however, are in a Pittsburgh high school in the 1970s. So successful is their teacher's empathy that the modern American teenagers are transported to a Norfolk village in 1911, and allowed to wander around observing at first hand the rustic bacchanalian celebrations of the coronation of King George V.

But this is not a science-fiction, time-warp fantasy. The centre of the story is the mid-life catharsis of a couple who were childhood sweethearts and have spent years of married life unable to have children because of a juvenile indiscretion that resulted in a crude abortion. By confessing to his students, who are gradually suborned as witnesses, Crick is exorcising the ghosts of the past. Sinead Cusack plays his wife, with Grant Warnock and Lena Headey very effective as their teenage counterparts back in a bleak East Anglia in the Second World War.

The narrative has an ingenious structure, and the Fens exert a powerful, atmospheric presence. The waving marsh reeds and lowering skies are resonant with

drama, as *Waterland* satisfactorily demonstrates.

Summer is the time when Hollywood unleashes its block-busting sequels. In July there was *Batman Returns*. This month *Alien³* is in the cinemas, the gloomiest of a science-fiction trilogy that began brilliantly in 1979 with Ridley Scott's film. The director of the latest is David Fincher. The leading player, Sigourney Weaver, however, has survived from the beginning, and is now engaged in battling one of the horrible things that has hidden itself on a lice-ridden prison planet. Her head shaved like a marine boot-camp recruit, she is obliged to destroy the murderous creature without using weapons, there being none available in the drab surroundings. The ending would appear not to permit a further sequel, and should the film-makers wish to return to the theme it would therefore have to be a prequel, which a wit in *The New Yorker* suggested could be called *Alien*.

Also upon us this summer is *Lethal Weapon 3*, which is altogether more satisfying. The

director throughout the series has been Richard Donner, enabling some consistency of style to be sustained, although the overall tone is becoming progressively lighter as it continues. The jokey partnership of Mel Gibson and Danny Glover as trouble-prone Los Angeles policemen is enhanced by the recruitment of a third team member. Rene Russo is a woman officer whose reckless courage is the distaff counterpart of the Mel Gibson character, and they spend their initial love scene comparing each other's bodily scars from past encounters with armed criminals.

Unsurprisingly, the *Lethal Weapon* films have been accused of glorifying violence. But there is an underlying serious edge to them, and an implicit condemnation of criminal behaviour. The principal villain in *Lethal Weapon 3* is an ex-police officer (Stuart Wilson) who is supplying street gangs with dangerous weapons, and the efforts of the dauntless trio to stamp it out are admirable, as well as entertaining.

□ George Perry is Films Editor of *The Sunday Times*.

Waterland's evocative East Anglian locations are all resonant with drama

OPERA/MARGARET DAVIES MOVING STORIES

GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA
Sadler's Wells Theatre



Glyndebourne Touring Opera comes to Sadler's Wells Theatre this autumn for its first ever London season, bringing three productions from past Glyndebourne festivals.

The reconstruction of the Sussex opera house will deprive the touring company both this year and next of its normal base. However, Sussex's loss is London's gain, particularly in the case of *The Rake's Progress*. It is nearly a decade since Stravinsky's opera was professionally staged in London. It is a disturbing piece, with an uncompromising mess-

age, but one of great individuality.

The production to be seen at Sadler's Wells, which dates from 1975, marked David Hockney's début as a designer for the opera stage, an aspect which contributed to its success. Inspired by Hogarth's engravings on low life in 18th-century London, he adopted the technique of coarse cross-hatching to produce a set of highly idiosyncratic stage pictures, even carrying the effect through in the costumes and wigs, sometimes in red, blue and green, then switching for dramatic impact in the auction and churchyard scenes to black and white. His image of Bedlam, with the masked inmates confined in coffin-like pens is particularly haunting.

The title role of Tom Rakewell is sung by Barry Banks, with Steven Page as the diabolic Nick Shadow, who leads him to destruction, and Anne Dawson as

his faithful sweetheart, Anne Trulove. Ivor Bolton, the new GTO music director, conducts.

Kátya Kabanová introduced to Britain the brilliant German director Nikolaus Lehnhoff and his designer and compatriot Tobias Hoheisel, whose production echoes in visual terms the searing emotional intensity of Janáček's powerful score. It conjures up the repressive atmosphere of 19th-century Russia that pervades the story, which is derived from a play by Ostrovsky. The dramatic use of vibrant colour, in sets and lighting, punctuates the shifting balance of the drama and emphasises its tautness and concentrated brevity.

The demanding title role is sung by Susan Bullock, who last year gave an outstanding performance as Janáček's other tortured heroine, Jenůfa. Eiddwen Harrhy is the Kabanicha and French tenor Christian Papis makes his début as Boris. Chorus master David Angus conducts.

Le nozze di Figaro is the opera which launched the Glyndebourne Festival in 1934 and which will open the new theatre

exactly 60 years on in 1994. The inaugural production was to be the one directed by Peter Hall in 1989 and scheduled to be seen on the forthcoming tour. However, scenery and costumes were destroyed in a recent fire at Glyndebourne and the designer, John Gunter, has created a new set for GTO. Peter Hall's Mozart productions for Glyndebourne have been memorable for the perceptive exploration and interplay of the characters, and have particularly benefited from the intimate scale of the theatre. The London revival of his *Figaro* will be directed by Stephen Medcalf.

Some members of the cast to be heard at Sadler's Wells—Julie Unwin, who sings Cherubino, Susan Gritton (Barbarina) and Robert Burt (Don Curzio) have previously sung in the festival chorus before moving on to solo roles, as has long been the GTO custom. Nicholas Folwell is Figaro, Regina Nathan, an Irish soprano, makes her company début as Susanna, German baritone Ralf Lukas and Juliet Booth sing the Count and Countess. Marco Guidarini conducts □

ILNS SELECTIVE GUIDE TO SOME OF LONDON'S
MOST INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING EVENTS

HIGH SUMMER

THEATRE

Alan Rickman plays Hamlet at Riverside Studios. Greek tragedy is well represented by *The Thebans*, the RSC's version of Sophocles's Oedipus trilogy, while Diana Rigg is starring in Euripides's *Medea* at the Almeida Theatre. The always inventive Théâtre de Complicité's new work, *The Street of Crocodiles*, is at the Cottesloe, while J.B. Priestley's *An Inspector Calls* is at the Lyttelton.

Addresses & telephone numbers are given on the first occasion a theatre's entry appears.

Absent Friends. Alan Ayckbourn's 1975 bitter-sweet comedy about fractious friendships. With Susie Blake, Gary Bond & Michael Melia. Until Aug 29. *Lyric Hammersmith*, King St, W6 (081-741 2311).

The Alchemist. Sam Mendes's riotous Stratford production of the Ben Jonson comedy. With David Bradley as Subtle. Until Sept 30. *Barbican Theatre*, Barbican, EC2 (071-638 8891).

Amphibians. Billy Roche's play explores the everyday life of an Irish coastal village. Opens Sept 3. Directed by Michael Attenborough. *The Pit*, Barbican, EC2 (071-638 8891).

Angels in America. Tony Kushner's "gay fantasia on national themes" is by turns amusing, distressing & disgusting: not for the squeamish. *Cottesloe*, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252).

As You Like It. Maria Aitken's Shakespearean directing débüt. With Cathryn Harrison as Rosalind & Oliver Parker as Orlando. Until Sept 8. *Open-Air Theatre*, Regent's Park, NW1 (071-486 2431).

Columbus & the Discovery of Japan. Richard Nelson's ironic epic drama shows the explorer as a totally inexperienced sea captain. Jonathan Hyde in the title role; John Caird directs. *Barbican Theatre*, Barbican. See review p78.

Death & the Maiden. Powerful Chilean drama about guilt & revenge involves a confrontation between a woman & the doctor who tortured her 15 years earlier. With Penny Downie, Danny Webb & Hugh Ross. *Duke of York's*, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (071-836 5122).

The Dybbuk. A new adaptation of Solomon Anski's story about a young Jewish woman (Joanne Pearce) in 19th-century Ukraine who is possessed by the spirit of the man who loved her. Katie Mitchell directs. *The Pit*, Barbican.

An Evening with Gary Lineker. Enjoyable comedy in which five friends follow the fortunes of England's World Cup football team from their Majorca hotel. *Duchess*, Catherine St, WC2 (071-494 5075).

From a Jack to a King. A rock 'n' roll musical reworking of *Macbeth* by Bob Carlton, creator of *Return to the Forbidden Planet*. *Ambassador's*, West St, WC2 (071-836 6111).

Grand Hotel. Tommy Tune's Tony Award-winning Broadway musical, based on the novel by Vicki Baum about a disparate collection of guests in a Berlin hotel in the 1930s. Until Oct 31. With Liliane Montevicchi & Barry Foster. *Dominion*, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (071-580 9562). See review p78.

Hamlet. Alan Rickman plays Shakespeare's prince, directed by Robert Sturua. With Geraldine McEwan as Gertrude, Michael Byrne as Polonius & Julia Ford as Ophelia. Sept 15-Oct 10. *Riverside Studios*, Crisp Rd, W6 (081-748 3354).

Hush. Max Stafford-Clark directs a new play by April De Angelis about a 15-year-old girl adjusting to her mother's mysterious disappearance. With Marion Bailey, Dervla Kerwin & Debra Gillett. *Royal Court*, Sloane Sq, SW1 (071-730 1745).

An Inspector Calls. J. B. Priestley's 1945 play about the family tensions caused by the arrival of the strange Inspector Goole. With Richard Pasco, Barbara Leigh-Hunt & Diana Kent.



Robert Lepage's rather unusual *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the National.

Opens Sept 11. *Lyttelton Theatre*, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252).

It Runs in the Family. A new farce by Ray Cooney about an eminent neurologist's efforts to keep his illegitimate, teenage son a secret. Opens Sept 14. *Playhouse*, Northumberland Av, WC2 (071-839 4401).

Joseph & the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat. Camp, dated, but within its own confines a triumph. Phillip Schofield plays Joseph. *Palladium*, Argyll St, W1 (071-494 5020).

June Moon. A 1929 satire on New York's song-writing industry by George S. Kaufman & Ring Lardner. Alan Strachan directs. Opens Sept 8. *Hampstead Theatre*, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (071-722 9301).

Lady Be Good. Classic Gershwin musical for long summer evenings al fresco. With Bernard Cribbins, Joanna Riding & Simon Green. Until Sept 10. *Open-Air Theatre*.

The Madness of George III. Nicholas Hytner directs Alan Bennett's moving play about the king whose madness had a physical cause—porphyria—which his doctors aggravated with harsh & incompetent attempts to cure. The play examines political implications as well as clinical details, & Nigel Hawthorne plays the tragic king with great force & subtlety. *Lyttelton*, National Theatre.

Orlando. Touring company Red Shift presents its version of Virginia Woolf's novel. Sept 17-Oct 3. *Lyric Studio*, Lyric Hammersmith, King St, W6 (081-741 8701).

Philadelphia, Here I Come! An early play by Brian Friel, author of *Dancing at Lughnasa*, about a man's final night in his stifling Irish village before leaving for America. Well-played, gently humorous production with the effective device of two actors playing respectively the emigrant and his inner self. *Wyndham's*, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (071-836 1116).

Pygmalion. It is refreshing to discover from this whole-hearted production, featuring Alan Howard as Higgins & Frances Barber as Eliza, that the musical has not killed off the play. All the Olivier's sophisticated stage equipment is deployed to keep things moving, though there is a point after Eliza's triumph at the ball when it seems that she is going to have to dance all night without words. In the



Calling the tune in *Grand Hotel* at the Dominion. Francesca Annis & Corin Redgrave in *Rosmersholm* at the Young Vic. Sigourney Weaver stars in *Alien³*.

end Shaw's words, with Barber's most convincing Eliza, come out on top. *Olivier*, National Theatre.

The Rise & Fall of Little Voice. New play by Jim Cartwright, with Jane Horrocks as a young woman living life through old records, & Alison Steadman, who gives a show-stealing performance as her ambitious mother. Transfers to the Aldwych on Oct 14. *Cottesloe*, National Theatre.

Romeo & Juliet. David Leveaux directs Michael Maloney & Clare Holman as the lovers. Barbican Theatre, Barbican.

Rosmersholm. Ibsen's psychological drama, directed by Annie Castledine. With Francesca Annis, Corin Redgrave & Miriam Karlin. Sept 17-Oct 3. *Young Vic*, 66 The Cut, SE1 (071-928 6363).

Shades. Simon Callow directs Pauline Collins as a middle-aged widow in 1950s Scotland trying to reconcile her feelings for her son, boyfriend and dead husband. Collins brings a natural warmth to her part but Sharman Macdonald's play is dramatically dull, despite some nice moments of wry, self-mocking humour. James Cosmo & Daphne Oxenford. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2* (071-867 1115).

Six Degrees of Separation. Fast-paced and funny moral comedy by John Guare inspired by the real case of a black con artist who fooled rich Manhattanites by posing as Sidney Poitier's son. American actress Stockard Channing is superb as an art dealer's wife. Some nudity & strong language. With Paul Shelley, Gary Waldhorn, Adrian Lester & Deborah Norton. Until Oct 31. *Comedy*, Panton St, SW1 (071-867 1045).

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me. Frank McGuinness's latest play, with Alec McCowen, Stephen Rea & Hugh Quarshie as Beirut hostages. Until Aug 22. *Hampstead Theatre*.

The Sound of Music. Liz Robertson & Christopher Cazenove head the cast in the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical. Directed by Wendy Toye.

Until Sept 5. *Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1* (071-278 8916).

The Street of Crocodiles. New work by the inventive Théâtre de Complicité based on Bruno Schulz's surreal stories of Polish small-town life in the 1900s. Opens Aug 13. *Cottesloe, National Theatre*.

The Thebans. Adrian Noble directs a new translation of Sophocles's trilogy, *Oedipus Tyrannos*, *Oedipus at Colonus* & *Antigone*. With Gerard Murphy as Oedipus & Joanne Pearce as Antigone. Opens Sept 10. *Barbican Theatre, Barbican*.

Valentine's Day. A musical version of Bernard Shaw's comedy *You Never Can Tell*. With Edward Petherbridge, John Turner, Edward De Souza & Elizabeth Counsell. Directed & choreographed by Gillian Lynne. Opens Sept 17. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1* (071-494 5065).

The Virtuoso. Phyllida Lloyd's production of Shadwell's Restoration comedy. With Freddie Jones, Saskia Reeves & Christopher Benjamin. Until Sept 14. *The Pit, Barbican*.

A Woman Killed with Kindness. Thomas Heywood's domestic tragedy set in 17th-century Yorkshire. Cast includes Michael Maloney, Sylvestra le Touzel & Saskia Reeves. Katie Mitchell directs. Until Sept 30. *The Pit, Barbican*.

A Woman of No Importance. Philip Prowse's stylish, intelligent RSC débüt; Oscar Wilde's comedy of appalling parental manners exquisitely designed by its director. John Carlisle, Carol Royle & Barbara Leigh-Hunt star. *Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1* (071-930 8800).

RECOMMENDED LONG RUNNERS

Blood Brothers, *Phoenix* (071-867 1044); **Buddy,** *Victoria Palace* (071-834 1317); **Carmen Jones,** *Old Vic* (071-928 7616); **Cats,** *New London* (071-405 0072); **Dancing at Lughnasa,** *Garrick* (071-494 5085); **Five Guys Named Moe,** *Lyric* (071-494 5045); **Me & My Girl,** *Adelphi* (071-836 7611); **Les Misérables,** *Palace*

(071-434 0909); **Miss Saigon,** *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane* (071-494 5060); **The Mousetrap,** *St Martin's* (071-836 1443); **The Phantom of the Opera,** *Her Majesty's* (071-494 5400); **Return to the Forbidden Planet,** *Cambridge* (071-379 5299); **Starlight Express,** *Apollo Victoria* (071-828 8665); **The Woman in Black,** *Fortune* (071-836 2238).

OUT OF TOWN
RSC Season at Stratford: At the Royal Shakespeare Theatre: *The Taming of the Shrew*, with Anton Lesser & Amanda Harris. *As You Like It*, with Samantha Bond as Rosalind. *The Winter's Tale*, directed by Adrian Noble. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, directed by David Thacker, opens Sept 2. At the Swan Theatre: *The Beggar's Opera*, with David Burt & Jenna Russell. *A Jovial Crew*, Richard Brome's 1641 comedy. *All's Well That Ends Well*, with Rosemary Harris, Alfred Burke & Richard Johnson. Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*, with Antony Sher, opens Sept 1. At the Other Place: *The Odyssey*, a retelling of Homer's epic by Caribbean dramatist Derek Walcott. *Richard III*, with Simon Russell Beale, directed by Sam Mendes. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire CV37 6BB* (0789 239623).

Chichester Festival season. *King Lear in New York* by Melvyn Bragg, with Kate O'Mara & John Stride. Until Sept 26. *She Stoops to Conquer*, with Denis Quilley, Jean Boht & Jonathan Morris. Until Oct 3. *Festival Theatre, Chichester, W Sussex, PO19 4AP* (0243 781312).

Richmond Theatre season: *Breaking the Code* by Hugh Whitemore, with Derek Jacobi. Aug 24-Sept 5. *Otherwise Engaged* by Simon Gray, starring & directed by Peter Bowles. Sept 7-12. *Travels with My Aunt*, adapted by Giles Havergal from Graham Greene's novel, with Simon Cadell & John Wells. Sept 14-19. *Death & the Maiden* by Ariel Dorfman. Sept 21-26. *Richmond Theatre, The Green, Richmond, Surrey TW9 1QJ* (081-940 0088).

CINEMA

Summer is the time for big-budget sequels, *Batman Returns* is joined by *Alien³* & *Lethal Weapon 3*. Two neglected genres reappear: the musical, with *The News Boys*, its songs by Alan Menken, who composed for *The Little Mermaid* & *Beauty & the Beast*, & the western, when Clint Eastwood rides again in *Unforgiven*. Jeremy Irons recalls the past in *Waterland*.

Alien³ (18). Sigourney Weaver once again plays Ripley in a continuation of the space-horror series. She is stranded on a prison planet with yet another of the dreadful, mutating monsters chomping its way through the wretched residents. David Fincher's direction maintains the tension. Opens Aug 21. See review p79.

Batman Returns (12). Michelle Pfeiffer has the best lines as Catwoman in Tim Burton's second *Batman* film, but Michael Keaton is still dour as the superhero & Danny De Vito is positively loathsome as the Penguin. The decor overwhelms the story, which is richly studded with arcane references that only dedicated cine buffs will appreciate.

Beethoven (U). A shaggy dog story: Charles Grodin as a suburbanite whose serene home life is threatened with destruction when his family adopts a huge St Bernard. Brian Levant's comedy has its moments, as well as the year's most misleading title (it's the dog's name).

Bob Roberts (15). Tim Robbins writes, directs & stars in a political satire about a country-&-western singer who uses his popularity to run for political office. With Alan Rickman as his campaign manager. Opens Sept 11.

Christopher Columbus: The Discovery. George Corraface takes the title role in the first of the forthcoming Columbus films (Gerard Depardieu plays the explorer in *1492: Conquest of*



Making a song & dance of everything in *The News Boys*. Making a farce of everything in *Noises Off* with Nicolette Sheridan & Michael Caine.

Paradise, coming in October). This one is directed by John Glen & co-stars Marlon Brando, Tom Selleck, Rachel Ward & Catherine Zeta-Jones. Opens Sept 11.

The Cutting Edge (PG). A temperamental ice-skater (Moira Kelly) teams up with a cocky ice-hockey player (D. B. Sweeney) to train under the tuition of coach Roy Dotrice for a pairs figure-skating championship. Opens Aug 28.

Far & Away (12). Tom Cruise is a poor Irish boy, Nicole Kidman the feisty daughter of a rich landowner. Together they run away to the New World of a century ago, & find life hard in Boston before they can strike west. A spectacular romantic adventure of the sort Hollywood used to make, directed by Ron Howard.

Ferngully (U). The first ecological animated cartoon is about the efforts of a city boy to save a great rain forest from the depredations of man, & allow its animals & plants the right to their environment. Voices include Tim Curry, Christian Slater, Robin Williams & Samantha Mathis.

Hitler: A Film from Germany. A monumental four-part work (7 hrs, 17 mins long) examining in a series of vignettes (using quotations culled from sources as diverse as *Dr Caligari* & *Citizen Kane*) the manner in which Hitler was able to place a stranglehold on the German people. Hans-Jürgen Syberg's extraordinary study, made in 1977, is belatedly receiving its first British run. Opens Sept 4.

Housesitter (PG). In Frank Oz's film Steve Martin plays a depressed Boston architect who meets a waitress, Goldie Hawn, & spends a night with her. She then moves into a country house he has built, pretending to be his wife. She is a compulsive liar who uses that facility to get what she wants. It is a stab at screwball comedy that could have been more aptly cast since the Martin-Hawn partnership fails to sparkle. Opens Sept 11.

Immaculate Conception. East-West conflict in writer director Jamil

Dehlavi's film: Melissa Leo lives in Karachi, married to James Wilby who works for the World Wildlife Organisation. Desperate for a baby she goes to a shrine populated by eunuchs, who allegedly have secret means of ending infertility. Their method actually involves using a youth to impregnate her while she's in a drug-induced trance. Meanwhile Wilby is having an affair with Shabana Azmi, a wealthy, educated Pakistani woman. Opens Sept 11.

Knight Moves (18). A series of murders occur in a small Pacific Northwest town that is hosting an international chess tournament, & suspicion falls on one of the players who is known to have had an affair with the first victim. The police use a student psychologist to unravel the mystery. Christopher Lambert, Diane Lane & Tom Skerritt star in Carl Schenkel's film. Opens Sept 4.

Les Amants du Pont-Neuf (18). The third film directed by Leos Carax features Juliette Binoche as an artist losing her sight but determined to paint until she is blind. She falls in love with a street punk, Denis Lavant. From a realistic opening the film evolves into a magical fantasy, assisted by the astonishing replica of the Pont-Neuf built in a field in the south of France. Opens Sept 11.

Lethal Weapon 3 (15). You know what to expect at the start when the impulsive Mel Gibson horrifies his partner Danny Glover, only days from retirement, by inadvertently destroying an eight-storey building. The team is joined by a female cop, Rene Russo, & Joe Pesci is back from the second film. The entertaining formula works in the best of the series, directed by Richard Donner. Opens Aug 14. See review p79.

My Cousin Vinny (15). Joe Pesci defends two New York collegians who have been mistakenly arrested for murder in Alabama backwoods. But he's a barely qualified lawyer with no experience & the stickler of a southern judge, Fred Gwynne, is antipathetic

to his Brooklynite sloppiness. A comedy from Jonathan Lynn; Marisa Tomei as Pesci's girlfriend almost purloins it.

The News Boys (PG). Two young newspaper boys, played by Christian Bale & David Moscow, outsmart the two great American publishing tycoons Joseph Pulitzer & William Randolph Hearst after they try to cut their incomes unfairly. A rarity nowadays, a traditional movie musical, directed by Kenny Ortega, with songs by Alan Menken. Opens Aug 14.

Night & Day (15). Chantal Akerman's latest film is a triangular drama about the young in Paris, with Thomas Langmann driving a taxi at night, & spending his days with his love, Guillaume Londez, through a hot summer. Then she meets François Negret who drives the taxi in the daytime, & develops a relationship with him as well. Opens Aug 28.

Night on Earth (15). A strange comedy written, produced & directed by Jim Jarmusch, in five sections set in Los Angeles, New York, Paris, Rome & Helsinki at night, each concerned with brief encounters between cab-drivers & their passengers. The cast includes Winona Ryder, Gena Rowlands, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Beatrice Dalle & Roberto Benigni; the score is by Tom Waits.

Noises Off (12). Michael Frayn's hilarious play about a theatre company endeavouring to put on a standard British farce that turns into a backstage nightmare has been transferred to America with a mainly American cast (Carol Burnett, Christopher Reeve, John Ritter) playing British, plus Michael Caine as the director driven to near dementia & Denholm Elliott as a faded alcoholic star who can't remember his lines. Peter Bogdanovich almost succeeds in making it work on the screen, but there's one act too many.

Patriot Games (15). The second Tom Clancy novel to be filmed; Harrison Ford is drawn back into the CIA after foiling an IRA kidnap of a minor

royal, but a renegade, Sean Bean, pursues him & his family to Maryland, intent on avenging the death of his younger brother. Phillip Noyce's direction delivers the standard action thrills, but Ford's performance is strong & impressive. Opens Sept 25.

Peter Pan (U). Revival of the Disney version of J. M. Barrie's adventure, a popular cartoon first seen in 1953. Astringent features of the original story have been carefully purged & the "You Can Fly" sequence, in which the children soar over London rooftops, is a fanciful interpretation of Hollywood's idea of the Great Wen.

The Power of One (12). An orphaned British schoolboy is brought up in the South Africa of the 1930s & 40s where a white doctor & a black prison-inmate influence his life. With Morgan Freeman, Armin Mueller-Stahl, John Gielgud & Stephen Dorff. Opens Sept 4.

Straight Out of Brooklyn (15). A first feature, directed by Matty Rich, about blacks in a low-cost New York housing project. George T. Odom plays a man, frustrated at his lack of progress, who takes it out on his long-suffering wife, Anne D. Saunders. His son plots a robbery in the hope it will relieve the desperate family situation. Opens Sept 4.

Unforgiven (15). Clint Eastwood, who also directs, plays a former outlaw turned prairie farmer, obliged to take up his gun again to avenge a friend's murder. He rejoins his old partner Morgan Freeman, & with Gene Hackman & Richard Harris a formidable team of vigilantes is loose in the Old West. Opens Sept 18.

Waterland (15). Jeremy Irons plays Tom Crick, the central character of Graham Swift's novel, who muses to his history pupils in America on his adolescence in East Anglia & relationship with a young girl who later became his wife (Sinead Cusack), but was unable to conceive. Directed by Stephen Gyllenhaal, it is atmospherically rich & ingeniously constructed. Opens Aug 21. See review p79.

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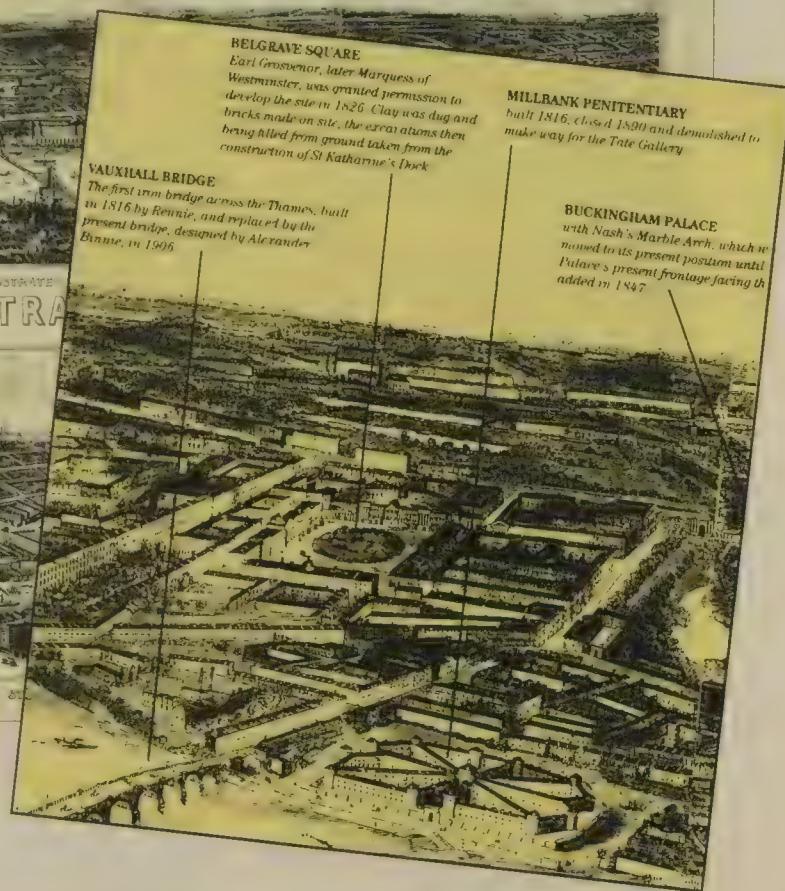


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Opera Factory in *Yan Tan Tethera* at the Queen Elizabeth Hall. David Massingham Dance performs *To Power* at the Bloomsbury Theatre.

OPERA

The new season brings *Tosca* with Pavarotti & inflated prices at the Royal Opera; *Rigoletto* amid the New York mafia at English National Opera; Birtwistle's delightful *Yan Tan Tethera* at Opera Factory; & Glyndebourne Touring Opera makes its London début.

BRITISH YOUTH OPERA

Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (071-278 8916).

Carmen. Sung in English, conducted by Timothy Dean. Sept 8, 10, 12.

Cosi fan tutte. Directed by Jamie Hayes & sung in Italian. Sept 9, 11.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (071-836 3161, cc 071-240 5258).

Rigoletto. Jonathan Miller's production, which sets the action in the 1950s New York world of organised crime. John Rawnsley & Arthur Davies again sing Rigoletto & the Duke, Cathryn Pope is Gilda. Aug 27, 29, Sept 2, 4, 10, 12, 15, 18, 23, 26, 28, 30.

Ariadne on Naxos. Janice Cairns sings the title role, with Rita Cullis as the Composer & Cyndia Sieden making her house début as Zerbinetta. Aug 28, Sept 3, 5, 9, 11, 17, 24.

The Force of Destiny. Nicholas Hytner directs a new production & Mark Elder conducts. Josephine Barstow sings Leonora, with Edmund Barham as Don Alvaro, Jonathan Summers as Don Carlos, John Connell as the Father Guardian. Sept 16, 19, 22, 25, 29.

GLYNDEBOURNE TOURING OPERA
Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (071-278 8916).

Kátya Kabanová, Le nozze di Figaro, The Rake's Progress. Sept 24-Oct 24. See review p 79.

MIDSUMMER OPERA
90 Grange Rd, W5 (081-579 7477).
Agrippina. Handel's opera staged in the garden of a private house, in a production by Alan Privett, conducted by David Roblou. Sept 3, 4, 5.

OPERA FACTORY

Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 8800).

Yan Tan Tethera. Harrison Birtwistle's pastoral mystery, based on a Wiltshire folk tale about warring shepherds, with an enchanting chorus of sheep. David Freeman directs a cast that includes Geoffrey Dolton, Marie Angel, Patrick Donnelly & Harry Nicoll, under the baton of Mark Wigglesworth. Sept 3, 5, 7, 8, 11, 12.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911).

Tosca. Luciano Pavarotti sings the role of Cavaradossi in the first five performances, with American soprano Elizabeth Holleque as Tosca, under the baton of Zubin Mehta. Sept 12, 14, 16, 19, 21, 24, 26, 29.

I Capuleti e i Montecchi. Anne Sofie von Otter & Amanda Roocroft sing the star-crossed lovers in Bellini's Romeo & Juliet opera. Sept 22, 25, 30.

OUT OF TOWN

OPERA NORTH

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351).

The Duenna. Roberto Gerhard's opera based on the play by Sheridan, directed by Helena Kaut-Howson & conducted by Antoni Ros-Marbá. Sept 17, 19, 25.

SCOTTISH OPERA

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-332 9000).

Cosi fan tutte. Anne Williams-King & Elizabeth McCormack sing the sisters, with Kevin Anderson & Martin Higgins as their lovers, under the baton of Justin Brown. Sept 9, 12, 17.

TRAVELLING OPERA

Carmen. Peter Knapp directs his new English version of Bizet's opera, rescored for a chamber-sized orchestra by the conductor Richard Balcombe. *Theatre Royal, Bath* (0225 448844); Sept 15-19, *Hexagon, Reading* (0734 591591); Sept 22, 23.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 394844).

Elektra. David Alden's new production. Janet Hardy sings the title role, with Felicity Palmer as Klytemnestra, Phillip Joll as Orestes, Jeffrey Lawton as Aegisthus. Sept 19, 25.

DANCE

A period of daring innovation with experimental dance taking place on five floors of an office block at the Angel; dance inspired by the game of rugby & by modern sculpture in Bloomsbury; dance at the cutting edge on the South Bank. Plus South Asian dance in its many forms at The Place. English National Ballet honours Michel Fokine, who died 50 years ago.

Artangel. Occupying all five floors of an office development during a two-week residency, the company presents two dance evenings consisting of a series of five works, one choreographed for each floor, & featuring dancers Ellen Van Schuylenburch & Gary Lambert. Sept 17, 24. *Angel Square, Islington High St, N1* (071-494 3780).

English National Ballet. Ashton's *Romeo & Juliet*, until Aug 15; tribute to Fokine, four ballets by the great choreographer, Aug 17-20. *Festival Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1* (071-928 8800).

The Hothouse. New works from choreographers Ishmael Houston-Jones & Emilyn Claid, who presents two solos. Sept 5, 6. *Purcell Room, South Bank Centre*.

David Massingham Dance. World premières of *Scrum*, to music by Shostakovich, an exploration of rugby, & *Severance*, a meditation on departure. London première of *To Power*, a collaboration with the sculptor Charles Quick, featuring two of his giant creations of mesh & light. Sept 25, 26. *Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon St, WC1* (071-387 9629).

Vivarta. International festival of contemporary south Asian dance, featuring dancers trained in traditional techniques of Bharatha Natyam, Kathak or Chhau but also exploiting the martial arts, yoga & folk expressions. Many different groups & programmes. Sept 11-Oct 3. *The Place, 17 Duke's Rd, WC1* (071-387 0031).

MUSIC

The Proms welcome visiting orchestras from St Petersburg, Berlin & Vienna; they end on Sept 12, with Kiri Te Kanawa & piper George MacIlhenny taking part in the last-night frolics. Franz Welser-Möst conducts the first concerts of the London Philharmonic's residency at the Festival Hall.

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (071-823 9998). 98th season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts. Until Sept 12, nightly, including Sundays, at 7.30pm, unless otherwise stated.

Danish National Radio Symphony Orchestra & Choir. Dmitri Kitaenko conducts *The Elf-King's Daughter*, a choral cantata by Niels Gade, *Songs & Dances of Death* by Mussorgsky, orchestrated by Denisov, Prokofiev's *Alexander Nevsky*. Aug 14.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Choir, Southwark Festival Chorus. Mark Wigglesworth conducts Rachmaninov's *The Isle of the Dead*, the world première of David Sawer's *Byrnau Wood*, Shostakovich's Symphony No 13 (Babi Yar). Aug 18.

Moscow Soloists. Ukrainian violinist Yuri Bashmet, founder of the group, directs Schubert's *Quartet Death & the Maiden*, Schnittke's *Monologue for Viola & Orchestra*, Tchaikovsky's *Serenade for Strings*. Aug 19.

London Philharmonic. Klaus Tennstedt conducts extracts from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, *Rienzi*, *Götterdämmerung*, & *The Mastersingers of Nuremberg*. James O'Donnell plays organ works by Bach & Liszt. Aug 20.

European Community Youth Orchestra. Mstislav Rostropovich conducts Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No 3, with Martha Argerich, Shostakovich's Symphony No 11 (The Year 1905). Aug 22.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. David Atherton conducts



Franz Welser-Möst at the Festival Hall & Pierre Boulez at the Proms. Cho-Liang Lin at the Barbican. Welsh National Opera in *The Barber* at Cardiff.

Berlioz's *Childhood of Christ* Aug 23.

St Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra. Mariss Jansons conducts Rossini's Overture *The Thieving Magpie*, Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No 2, with Mikhail Rudy, Shostakovich's Symphony No 5, Aug 25.

Yuri Temirkanov conducts Berlioz's Overture *The Corsair*, Sibelius's Violin Concerto, with Maxim Vengerov, Tchaikovsky's *Manfred* Symphony, Aug 26.

BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra. Takuo Yuasa conducts Iain Hamilton's *Commedia*, Concerto for Orchestra, Berlioz's *Les Nuits d'été*, sung by Isabelle Vernet, Dvořák's Symphony No 7, Sept 1.

London Symphony Orchestra. Michael Tilson Thomas conducts Berg's Violin Concerto, with Anne-Sophie Mutter, Mahler's Symphony No 5, Sept 4.

Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra. Vladimir Ashkenazy conducts two programmes, Elgar's *Falstaff* & Beethoven's Symphony No 9 (Choral), with the Brighton Festival Chorus, London Symphony Chorus & soloists, Sept 6. Mendelssohn's incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Stravinsky's Concerto for Piano & Wind, with Olli Mustonen, Brahms's Symphony No 2, Sept 7, 7pm.

Opera North give a semi-staged performance of Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*, with John Tomlinson repeating his powerful portrayal of the title role & Jeffrey Lawton as Shuisky, with the Chorus of Opera North, conducted by Paul Daniel, Sept 8.

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Claudio Abbado conducts Haydn's Symphony No 93, Mahler's Symphony No 1 (Titan), Sept 9, 8pm.

Pierre Boulez conducts Stravinsky's *The Song of the Nightingale*, Debussy's *Nocturnes*, his own *Livre pour cordes*, Bartók's ballet *The Miraculous Mandarin*, with London Choral Society, Sept 10.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, Chorus & Singers. Andrew Davis conducts Bach's Concerto in D minor,

Tippett's *A Child of Our Time*, Sept 11. Andrew Davis is in charge of the same BBC forces for the celebratory last night. Also taking part this year are Kiri Te Kanawa, soprano, Tatjana Nikolaeva, piano, George Macmillan, bagpipes, Sept 12.

BARCLAY HALL

Silk St, EC2 (071-6388891).

Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra. Vassily Sinaisky conducts Glinka's overture to *Russlan & Ludmilla*, Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No 1, with Nikolai Petrov, Mussorgsky's *Pictures from an Exhibition*, Aug 17, 7.30pm.

Academy of St Martin in the Fields. Neville Marriner conducts Ravel's *Mother Goose* Suite, Sibelius's Violin Concerto, with Cho-Liang Lin, Dvořák's Symphony No 7, Aug 19; Kenneth Sillito conducts Bach, Handel, Purcell, Vivaldi, Aug 20; Neville Marriner conducts a Mendelssohn programme, including the Violin Concerto, with Christian Tetzlaff, Aug 21; 7.30pm.

Academy of Ancient Music & Chorus. Christopher Hogwood directs a concert performance of Purcell's *Dido & Aeneas*, with Catherine Bott & John Mark Ainsley, Aug 27, 7.30pm.

City of London Sinfonia. Adrian Leaper conducts Beethoven's *Coriolan* Overture, Piano Concerto No 4, with Moura Lympany, Symphony No 3, Sept 17, 7.30pm.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-9288800).

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra, with Alfred Brendel, piano, play Beethoven, Mozart, Webern, Schoenberg, Sept 10; Schubert, Beethoven, Webern, Schoenberg, Sept 12; 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Yuri Temirkanov conducts Rossini's Overture *The Barber of Saville*, Mozart's Flute Concerto, with James Galway, Mahler's Symphony No 1, Sept 16, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic. Franz Welser-Möst conducts the opening concerts of the orchestra's residency at

the Festival Hall, Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 4, with Maurizio Pollini, Schumann's Symphony No 2, Stravinsky's Symphonies of Wind Instruments, Britten's Prelude & Fugue for Strings, Prokofiev's Suite *The Love of Three Oranges*, Sept 17, 18, 6.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Giuseppe Sinopoli conducts excerpts from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* & Act I of *Die Walküre*, with Sabine Hass, soprano, Robert Schunk, tenor, Kurt Rydl, bass, Sept 20, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic & Choir, Southend Boys' Choir. Zubin

Mehta conducts Webern's Six Pieces for Orchestra, Bruch's Violin Concerto No 1, with Pinchas Zukerman, Orff's *Carmina Burana*, Sept 22, 23, 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-9288800).

Première Ensemble. Mark Wigglesworth conducts Tippett's Concerto for Double String Orchestra & Concerto for Orchestra, Britten's *Phaedra*, & a new version for mezzo-soprano & string ensemble of Benjamin's *Upon Silence*, Sept 9, 7.45pm.

Contrasts: chamber music series under the joint artistic direction of the pianist András Schiff & oboist Heinz Holliger, with Aurèle Nicolet, flute, Elmar Schmid, clarinet, Klaus Thunemann, bassoon, Radovan Vlatkovic, horn, Bruno Canino, piano. From Bach to 1992, Sept 15, 16, 19, 7.45pm.

London Classical Players. Roger Norrington conducts Brahms's Tragic Overture, Beethoven's Symphony No 2, Brahms's Symphony No 2, Sept 20, 7.45pm.

ST MARTIN IN THE FIELDS

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (071-9300089).

Colin Carr, cello, plays all six of Bach's solo cello suites, Aug 29, 6pm. **His Majesty's Sagbutts & Cornetts** celebrates its 10th birthday with a programme of 17th-century music from Italy, Germany, England & Spain plus new music from Italy & Spain, Sept 3, 7.30pm.

FESTIVALS

Edinburgh hosts a wide spectrum of overseas visitors & has major themes in music & drama. **Cardiff & Presteigne** forge strong links with the Europe of the Community & beyond. **Salisbury** features the English as travellers; **Arundel** offers *Sweeney Todd*, *Beachcomber* & open-air Shakespeare; the **Three Choirs** annual gathering takes place in Gloucester.

ARUNDEL FESTIVAL

The regimental band of the Coldstream Guards gives the opening firework concert under the castle battlements. The new artistic director, Graeme Jenkins, conducts the London Mozart Players & the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Thomas Trotter performs on the cathedral organ; pianist Bernard Roberts, soprano Susan Gritton & mezzo-soprano Adele Paxton all give recitals in the parish church. The Oxford Stage Company gives Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* in the castle grounds. Arundel Players stage Sondheim's musical *Sweeney Todd* at the Priory Theatre. Plus talks, walks, Radio 4's *Beachcomber* & a giant festival crossword puzzle, Aug 28-Sept 6. *Box office: May Gate, Arundel, W Sussex BN18 9AT (0903 883474).*

CARDIFF FESTIVAL

The theme is trans-European & embraces such visitors as the Belgrade String, Moscow Radio Symphony & Budapest Symphony Orchestras, Hohenlimburger Accordion Orchestra, Jacques Loussier's Play Bach Trio, Takacs String Quartet & Toque de Caixa ensemble from Portugal, all of whom perform works from their own musical heritage. Welsh National Opera present works by Richard Strauss, Rossini & Puccini; Music Theatre Wales stages the world première of Andrew Toovey's opera *Ubu*. Exhibitions of Miró's illustrations of *Ubu Roi*, & artists from Stuttgart



New version of *The Nutcracker* in Edinburgh. Emma Kirkby sings Bach in Gloucester. Children's books in Bethnal Green. Sacred art at the Royal Academy.



gart. Sept 17-Oct 10. Box office: St David's Hall, The Hayes, Cardiff CF1 2SH (0222 371236/235900).

EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL
A rich composite of all the arts. One of the main themes is Tchaikovsky, whose one-act opera *Yolanta* & ballet *The Nutcracker* are given as a double bill. Two more one-act operas, Cimarosa's *Il maestro di capella* & Poulenc's *La Voix humaine*, are also billed together. Dance is represented by Ballet Cristine Hoyos from Spain, Pina Bausch's Tanztheater Wuppertal from Germany & the Mark Morris Dance Group from the USA. More Tchaikovsky from the St Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra, Danish National Radio Symphony Orchestra & Scottish Chamber Orchestra; Borodin String Quartet, pianist Peter Donohoe & mezzo-soprano Olga Borodina. A further series is devoted to Scottish music through the centuries, from early Celtic chants to James MacMillan's new Percussion Concerto, played by Evelyn Glennie. Drama features the plays of Harley Granville Barker & seven plays by the Glasgow-born C. P. Taylor. Exhibitions of the works of Allan Ramsay, James Pryde, Joan Miró. Aug 16-Sept 5. Box office: PO Box 55, Edinburgh EH1 1BR (031-225 5756).

EDINGTON MUSIC FESTIVAL

The 14th-century Priory Church plays host to singers from some of the great cathedral & collegiate choirs in a festival of music & liturgy. Matins & compline are sung to plainsong by the Schola Cantorum. Aug 20-30. No tickets or reserved seats. Information: John d'Arcy, The Old Vicarage, Edington, Westbury, Wilts BA13 4QF (0380 830512).

GLoucester THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL
Choral & orchestral concerts, given with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra & Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, include performances of Bach's Mass in B minor, Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Elgar's oratorio *The Dream of Gerontius*, Janáček's Glagolitic Mass, Duruflé's Requiem,

Patterson's Mass of the Sea & Finzi's *Intimations of Immortality* & *Lo the full final sacrifice*. Recitals by London Gabrieli Brass Ensemble, Britten String Quartet, pianist John Hoyland & organist Francis Grier. Fringe events include madrigals, folk songs & Morris dancing on College Green; Shakespeare's *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in the courtyard of New Inn. Aug 22-29. Box office: College Green, Gloucester GL1 2LX (0452 383831).

PRESTEIGNE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL
The theme is Open Borders & the programmes feature commissioned works by composers from each of the 12 member states of the EC. The pieces are incorporated in the recitals given by the visiting artists, who include percussionist Evelyn Glennie, pianist Martino Tirimo, Russian soprano Alla Ablaberdyeva, cellist Raphael Wallfisch & the Zagreb Guitar Trio. The Talich String Quartet & Welsh Baroque Soloists each give two concerts & the young Rumanian pianist Luiza Borac plays Chopin. Talks, walks, workshops, exhibitions. Aug 26-Sept 5. Box office: 3 Broad St, Presteigne, Powys LD8 2AA (0544 267770).

SALISBURY FESTIVAL

The theme The English Abroad encompasses an interview with local resident Sir Edward Heath, who is patron of the festival; John Julius Norwich lectures on Osbert Lancaster; Sir Ranulph Fiennes gives a talk entitled The Tip of the Iceberg; Edward Rutherford speaks about his life in America. Musicians taking part include the Schiller Trio, Tallis Scholars & organist Wayne Marshall. The featured composer is Brahms, whose works will be played by pianist Peter Donohoe, the Fitzwilliam String Quartet, Berlin Philharmonic Choir, City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra under Simon Rattle, & London Classical Players. Also drama, films, more than 20 exhibitions, a bicycle ride, wine festival, trad jazz & real ale festival. Sept 5-19. Box office: Salisbury Playhouse, Malthouse Lane, Salisbury SP2 7RA (0722 325 173).

EXHIBITIONS

New shows include abstract work from the 1980s by Bridget Riley at the Hayward Gallery & the first major British exhibition featuring the Cubist painter Juan Gris at the Whitechapel. The Hayward offers the Art of Ancient Mexico; the culture of sacred Tibetan art is examined at the Royal Academy.

BANKSIDE GALLERY
48 Hopton St, SE1 (071-928 7521).

20th-century Master Prints: the Atelier 17 Connection. Avant-garde printmaking since 1929 in Paris, New York & London. Includes works by Miró, Picasso, Pollock, Calder & Ernst. Aug 13-Sept 6.

On the Santa Fé Trail in London. Watercolours of New Mexico landscapes & people. Sept 11-20.

Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Tues until 8pm, Sun 1-5pm. £2, concessions £1.

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Barbican Centre, EC2 (071-638 4141).

John Heartfield 1891-1968. Collages & posters by one of the pioneers of photomontage art. Aug 13-Oct 18.

The Cutting Edge. Political comment today reflected through art & caricature, including sculpture, cartoons & *Spitting Image* puppets. Aug 13-Oct 18.

Mon-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Tues until 5.45pm, Sun & Aug 31 noon-6.45pm. £4.50, concessions & everybody Mon-Fri from 5pm £2.50.

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD

Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (081-980 2415).

Trash or Treasure. The Renier collection spanning four centuries of children's literature, from classics to comics. Until 1994. Mon-Thurs & Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

BRITISH LIBRARY

British Museum, Great Russell St, WC1 (071-323 7595).

Oriental Gardens. Depictions of gardens in the Near & Far East through illuminated manuscripts &

illustrated books. Until Sept 27. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (071-636 1555)

Mexican Painted Books. Records of conquests, wars, plagues & tempests from before & after the Spanish Conquest. Until Sept 6. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

COURTAULD INSTITUTE

Somerset House, Strand, WC2 (071-873 2526).

Kokoschka in the Prince's Gate Collection.

Drawings, prints & books. Sept 9-Oct 28. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. £3, concessions £1.50.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-261 0127).

Bridget Riley: According to Sensation. Colourful abstract paintings from the 1980s. Sept 17-Dec 6.

The Art of Ancient Mexico. Major exhibition of Pre-Columbian sculpture & pottery. Sept 17-Dec 6. Daily 10am-6pm, Tues, Wed until 8pm. £5 (admits to both), concessions (& everybody on Mon) £3.50. Tickets may be pre-booked on 071-928 8800, £5.50 & £4.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (071-416 5000).

Art & War. More than 60 war paintings by Wyndham Lewis, together with books & magazines from 1912-50. Until Oct 11. Daily 10am-6pm. £3.50, concessions £2.50, children £1.75; free daily after 4.30pm.

KENSINGTON PALACE

Kensington Gardens, W2 (071-937 9561).

Court Couture 92. Thirty interpretations of court dress by contemporary designers. Until Oct 18. Mon-Sat 9am-5.30pm, Sun 11am-5.30pm. £3.75, OAPs & students £2.80, children £2.50. See feature p38.

LONDON TOY & MODEL MUSEUM

21-23 Craven Hill, W2 (071-262 9450).

Roll Up! Roll Up! Modelfairground: 30 antique penny-in-the-slot machines, sideshows & fairground memorabilia. Until Dec. Mon-Sat 10am-4.30pm, Sun 11am-4.30pm. £3, concessions £2, children £1.50.



At the Tate: Anna Lea Merritt's Love Locked Out from The Painted Nude; Turner's Venice, the Bridge of Sighs from Turner & Byron. US football at Wembley.

LONDON TRANSPORT MUSEUM
39 Wellington St, WC2 (071-379 6344).

Tube Centenary. Major exhibition celebrating 100 years of electric underground railways. Until Mar 7, 1993. Daily 10am-6pm. £3.20, concessions £1.60.

MUSEUM OF LONDON
London Wall, EC2 (071-600 3699).

Images of Tidmarsh. Watercolours by H. E. Tidmarsh, who contributed many news pictures & topographical scenes to the *ILV* of the streets of London, 1895-1928. Until Oct 4.

The Purple, White & Green. A re-evaluation of suffragettes in London from 1906 to 1914. They used logos & colours to put their message across & raise money to further the cause. Sept 15-June, 1993.

Tues-Sat & Aug 31 10am-6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £3, concessions £1.50. Free daily after 4.30pm.

MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 3535).

Irn-Bru Pop Video Exhibition. The "three-minute culture" of music films & videos, with a 1930s film jukebox, memorabilia of the stars & a look at the medium as a marketing tool. Until Jan, 1993. Daily 10am-6pm. £5.50, students £4.70, children £4 (advance booking on 071-240 7200, £6, £5.20 & £4.50).

NATIONAL GALLERY
Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (071-839 3321).

Manet: The Execution of Maximilian—Paintings, Politics & Censorship. Versions of this famous painting of the 1860s from Boston & Mannheim, reunited with the Gallery's own example; & 20 other works by Edouard Manet. Until Sept 27. £3, concessions £1.50 (advance booking on 071-497 9977, £4 & £2). Daily 10am-6pm, Wed-Fri until 9pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
St Martin's Pl, WC2 (071-306 0055).

20th-Century Acquisitions. Paintings, drawings, busts & photographs of Peter Hall, Kenneth Macmillan, Brian Rix, Joe Orton, Sid Vicious.

H. G. Wells & Margaret Thatcher. Until Sept 20. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM
Cromwell Rd, SW7 (071-938 9123).

Dinosaurs. State-of-the-art robotics used for life-size moving models, with fossils & casts of parts of the real thing. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 11am-6pm. £3.50, concessions £1.75.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE MUSEUM
2 *Lambeth Palace Rd*, SE1 (071-620 0374).

A Caribbean Nightingale Sings Again. The life of the 19th-century Jamaican nurse & herbalist Mary Seacole. Until Sept 1. Tues-Sun 10am-4pm. £2.50, concessions £1.50.

THE QUEEN'S GALLERY

Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1 (071-799 2331).

Carlton House—Past Glories of George IV's Palace. Paintings by English & Dutch masters; French furniture, clocks & porcelain; weapons from the Far East. Until Oct 31. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. £2, concessions £1.50 & £1. Open Aug 31.

ROYAL ACADEMY

Piccadilly, W1 (071-439 7438).

Alfred Sisley 1839-99. Major retrospective of this Impressionist painter born of English parents. More than 65 paintings, including six of the river at Hampton Court. Until Oct 18. £5, concessions £3.40, children £2.25, under-11s £1 (advance booking on 071-379 4444). See p8.

Wisdom & Compassion: the Sacred Art of Tibet. The culture, history & religion of Tibet from the ninth century to the present. Sept 18-Dec 13. £5, concessions £3.40, children £2.25, under-11s £1 (advance booking on 071-379 4444). Daily 10am-6pm.

SCIENCE MUSEUM
Exhibition Rd, SW7 (071-938 8080).

A Walk Through Space. The benefits of space technology in today's environment, to mark International Space Year. Until Sept 15.

Living with Lasers. Everyday applications of these lights used at

supermarket checkouts, in medicine & other spheres. Until Sept 30.

Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 11am-6pm. £3.75, OAPs £2.20, concessions £1.90.

SERPENTINE GALLERY

Kensington Gardens, W2 (071-402 6075).

Flora Photographica. Flower photography by Henry Fox Talbot, Julia Margaret Cameron, Eugène Atget, Robert Mapplethorpe, Dennis Hopper & many others. Until Sept 20. Daily 10am-6pm.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (071-821 1313).

Richard Hamilton. Major exhibition by one of the founding creators of Pop Art from his 1940s oils to a 1992 painting. Until Sept 6. £3, concessions £1.50.

Georg Baselitz: Prints 1964-90. Works by one of Germany's foremost contemporary artists. Until Nov 1.

The Painted Nude: From Etty to Freud. Pictures from the Tate's collection which span 150 years. Until Dec 27.

Clore Gallery:

Turner & Byron. Although he never met the poet, Turner was inspired by Byron's work as these 70 works show. Until Sept 13.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM
Cromwell Rd, SW7 (071-938 8349).

Sovereign. Major exhibition showing royal costumes & decorations, banqueting services, gifts received by the royal family on overseas visits & family photographs. Until Sept 13. Open Sun from noon. £6, concessions £4.90 (includes acoustiguide & admission to museum). Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY
Whitechapel High St, E1 (071-377 0107).

Juan Gris. The first major British exhibition for this Cubist painter includes 60 paintings & 30 drawings. Sept 18-Nov 29. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Weds until 8pm.

SPORT

The Sheffield Challenge & the Coalite St Leger attract the great names in athletics & horse racing respectively.

Royal hosts welcome the British Open Horse trials as well as the National Carriage Driving Championships.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL.

Kodak American Bowl: San Francisco 49ers v Washington Redskins. Aug 16, Wembley, Middx.

ATHLETICS

Sheffield Challenge: IAAF invitation meeting. Aug 14, Sheffield, S Yorks.

IAAF/Mobil Grand Prix final. Sept 4, Turin, Italy.

CRICKET

England v Pakistan. Texaco Trophy, one-day internationals: Aug 20, Trent Bridge, Nottingham; Aug 22, Lord's, NW8; Aug 24, Old Trafford, Manchester.

NatWest Bank Trophy final. Sept 5, Lord's.

CYCLING

Kellogg's Tour of Britain. Finishes Aug 14, Leeds, W Yorks.

Wincanton Classic. Aug 16, Leeds.

EQUESTRIANISM

British Open Horse Trials Championship. Aug 22, 23, Gatcombe Park, nr Cirencester, Glos.

Silk Cut Derby meeting. Aug 27-30, Hickstead, Hayward's Heath, W Sussex.

National Carriage Driving Championships. Aug 30, 31, Windsor, Berks.

Burghley Remy Martin Horse Trials. Sept 10-13, Stamford, Lincs.

GOLF

Murphy's English Open. Aug 28-31, The Belfry, Sutton Coldfield, W Midlands.

GA European Open. Sept 10-13, Sunningdale, Berks.

HORSE RACING

Coalite St Leger Stakes. Sept 12, Doncaster, S Yorks.

AEROSHELL

LUBRICATING OIL

THE ARISTOCRAT OF LUBRICANTS

A pre-auction display of Shell posters selected from the 1920s-1950s at Phillips.

OTHER EVENTS

Summer anniversary celebrations are being held for BBC Radio & its London headquarters, & for the long-running Chelsea Antiques Fair. Some state-of-the-art technology is on show in the water at Southampton & also in the air at Farnborough.

BH 92—The BBC Radio Show.

Exhibition of milestones in radio history & eight times daily, a multi-media stage show marking 70 years of BBC radio broadcasting & the 60th anniversary of Broadcasting House. Aug 22-Oct 4, Tues-Sun & Aug 31 9.30am-7.15pm. *Broadcasting House, Portland Pl, W1*. Admission by ticket only from PO Box 5012, W12 6RS (071-927 5055, cc 081-752 4666). £3.50, concessions £2.50.

Chelsea Antiques Fair. The 75th of these twice-yearly events, which began in 1950. Special display of printed ephemera from 30 years of past fairs. Sept 15-26. Mon-Fri 11am-8pm; Sat, Sun 11am-6pm. *Chelsea Old Town Hall, King's Rd, SW3*. £5 (includes catalogue), OAPs on Fri £3.

Farnborough Air Show. Public days of this biennial event, with static shows & aerial displays of the latest technology. Sept 11-13, 9.30am-6pm. *Farnborough, Hants*. £13 (advance booking on 071-240 1199, £10.50).

Image of Royalty. Talks on royal portraits (meet on Level 1 landing). Aug 15, 19, 25, 2.30pm. *National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Pl, WC2* (071-306 0055). See feature p62.

International Space Year Concert. Holst's suite *The Planets*, "Moon River", & other suitable music performed to the accompaniment of lasers beneath the dish of the giant telescope. Sept 6, 8pm (gates open 6pm). *Jodrell Bank Science Centre, Lower Withington, Cheshire*. Tickets from Performing Arts Management, 103 South West Avenue, Bollington, Macclesfield, Cheshire, SK10 5DX (0625 573477). £10, children £5.

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An epiphyte from south-east Asia, *Bulbophyllum picturatum*, left, which flowered at Kew for the first time more than 100 years ago. One of the many illustrations from *Orchids at Kew*, edited by Joyce Stewart (HMSO, £25). Right, Percy Bysshe Shelley, painted by Amelia Curran, the only portrait of Shelley taken from life. Reproduced in *Byron and the Shelleys: the story of a friendship*, by Jane Blumberg (Collins & Brown, £18).



BOOK CHOICE

A selected list of current titles which are, or deserve to be, on the bestsellers list

HARDBACK NON-FICTION

The Unnecessary War

by Patricia Meehan

Sinclair-Stevenson, £18.99

Churchill once described the Second World War as the "unnecessary war", referring to the failure to stop Hitler's aggressive intentions during the 1930s. Patricia Meehan adds to this the charge that Britain carefully ignored the opposition to Hitler within Germany itself, particularly at the crucial moment of the Czechoslovak crisis, and supports her case with convincing documentary evidence. Whether, with more backing, the "good" Germans could ever have overthrown Hitler is one of those questions history cannot hope to answer.

Curriculum Vitae

by Muriel Spark

Constable, £14.95

Readers of Muriel Spark's fiction may be disconcerted to find that her autobiography is not written in quite the same dazzling, dispassionate style. The novels intrigue because of their constant surprise, the sudden revelation. Something of their magic is echoed in the early life, the memories of Edinburgh through the eyes of an inquisitive child, but in the adult life too much is left unexplained.

Diana: Her True Story

by Andrew Morton

Michael O'Mara, £14.99

Thanks to massive serialisation and media coverage everyone must now know the sorry story this book relates, and from which no one involved emerges with much credit. Clearly compiled with the co-operation of Princess Diana's friends, it is she who is probably most damaged, just as she has been badly hurt by an unhappy marriage. Her brother is quoted as saying that as a child Diana had difficulty in telling the truth because she always liked to embellish things, and the reader is left wondering how much of this one-sided story may also have been embellished.

HARDBACK FICTION

Life Force

by Fay Weldon

HarperCollins, £14.99

Fay Weldon is a keen observer of human frailties. This account of yet another of those priapic-preoccupied male rogues and the innumerable women who eagerly exalt in what he calls his "old Life Force", which emanates from an organ that happens to be several inches longer than the norm, is both extremely funny and at times extraordinarily painful.

Black Dogs

by Ian McEwan

Jonathan Cape, £14.99

The evil and menace that have come to be associated with Ian McEwan may seem more muted in his new short novel, which uses historical events to create an epic effect, but the reader is constantly aware of their presence and well prepared by the time the dogs of the title are horrifically unleashed.

Woman of the Inner Sea

by Thomas Keneally

Hodder & Stoughton, £14.99

An intriguing story of a woman who tries to escape her past by travelling across Australia with a kangaroo. There is plenty of action, skilfully told, but the novel is marred by the author's intrusive "Dear Bookbuyer" messages to the reader, which are both arch and uncomfortable.

A Fool's Alphabet

by Sebastian Faulks

Hutchinson, £13.99

This is a complex but finely worked novel based on a formula that in the final analysis seems too contrived. Twenty-six chapters, each set in a place beginning with a different letter of the alphabet, represent the ambitions of the principal character to visit each one before he dies. The narrative switches equally erratically in time as well as place, which certainly taxes the reader's patience and will severely penalise any lapse in concentration, however momentary.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

A Moment of War

by Laurie Lee

Penguin, £4.99

The conclusion of Laurie Lee's autobiography vividly recalls his minor role in the Spanish Civil War. Much of his time was spent in prison or in hanging about, but there was also a brief period of confused fighting when he learnt that sheer idealism never stops a tank. The chaos and casual cruelty of that vicious war has never been better nor more simply portrayed.

Bob Boothby: A Portrait

by Robert Rhodes James

Headline, £7.99

Bob Boothby was a compelling parliamentary orator and a politician who was right on all the major issues of his time. But he never achieved high office, losing his position at the Ministry of Food in 1940 when accused, wrongly, of not declaring a personal interest in representing holders of Czech assets seized by Germany. This is a fine biography of a man torn between the urges of power and love.

Mostly Men

by Lynn Barber

Penguin, £5.99

Lynn Barber's profile-interviews are among the highlights of modern journalism. Acute, witty and hugely entertaining, this collection comprises mostly men, because she seems to interview them better and is more curious about them. They certainly appear eager to bare their egos to her.

The Oxford Book of Essays

chosen & edited by John Gross

Oxford University Press, £9.99

Essays should be short, which makes them reader-friendly, but beyond that these "loose sallies of the mind", as Johnson called them, have little in common. Nonetheless it is stimulating to have such varied subjects as Owen Felltham's *How the Distempers of these Times should affect wise Men* and Reynier Banham's *The Crisp at the Crossroads* presented in the same volume.

PAPERBACK FICTION

Paradise News

by David Lodge

Penguin, £4.99

A package tour to Hawaii provides the author with some enjoyable satire at the expense of the modern travel industry, with its evasive language and unfulfilled promise of paradise. To this is added the cost of illness and the teaching of sex to a Catholic priest who has lost his faith—a heady literary cocktail that never quite blends.

Varying Degrees of Hopelessness

by Lucy Ellmann

Penguin, £5.99

The struggles of a 31-year-old virgin in an inadequate London art college may not seem promising material, but this author's style, freshness of approach and disconcerting observation make it sparkle.

A Solitary Grief

by Bernice Rubens

Abacus, £5.99

A tough, uncompromising but compelling novel on the themes of grief, guilt and despair. The hero is a psychiatrist who takes flowers from a grave to present to his wife in hospital, where he finds his newly-born child has Down's Syndrome. It is not something he can come to terms with, and the consequences are horrific.

Talking It Over

by Julian Barnes

Pan, £5.99

This is a novel that starts with a bang but ends with a sigh. The wit and fizz of the early chapters are a *tour de force* of comic writing, but they begin to pall under the weight of a rather conventional story and a cross-talk technique that is difficult to sustain.

As the Crow Flies

by Jeffrey Archer

Coronet, £5.99

A barrow boy from London's East End makes it rich and powerful with all the excitement and dramatic tension that Archer reliably provides.

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